

The Sketch.

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A New Gigarette! . . .
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Powder, Soap
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FOR EVERY NURSERY.

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(20 sizes in stock.) Being reversible, they
Outwear two Ordinary Carpets.

They are the only Carpets which answer to modern
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2 1/2 by 4 3 by 3 3 by 3 3 by 4 3 by 4 3 by 3
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Also made in all widths for Stairs,
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THE ABINGDON CARPET MANFG. CO.,
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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
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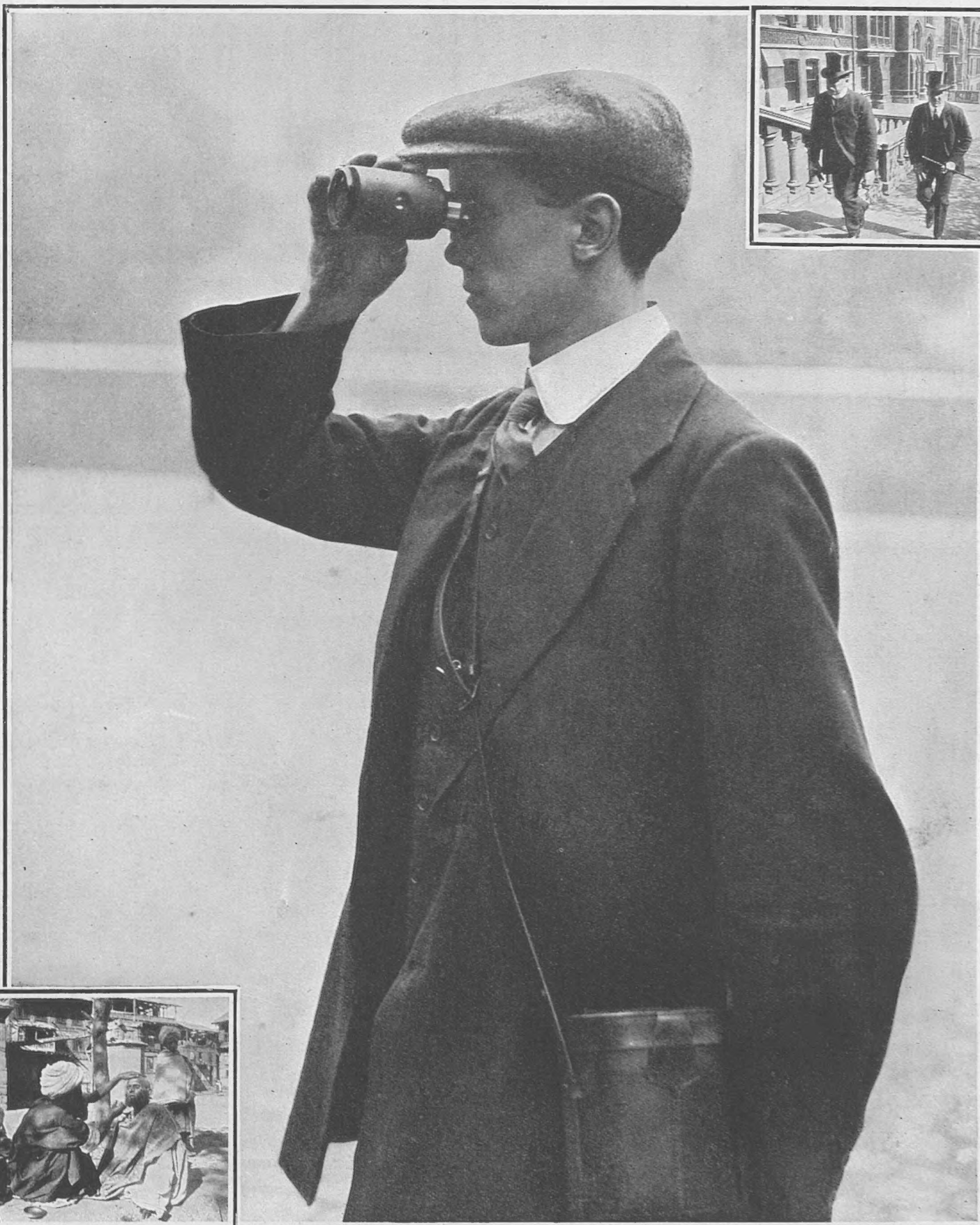
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

The Sketch

No. 959. — Vol. LXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1911.

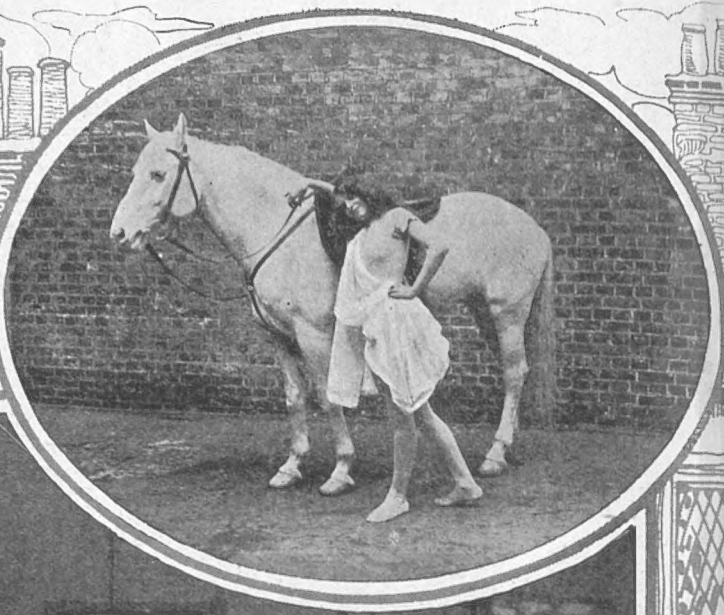
SIXPENCE.



BEWARE THE MAN WITH THE "FIELD-GLASSES": HE MAY SNAPSHOT YOU WITH THEM.

Now that snap-shooting is not allowed on the race-courses, it is possible that subterfuges of various kinds will be used by those desirous of doing the forbidden thing. Beware, then, of the man with the "field-glasses" of the type shown, for the glasses are a camera, and there can be taken with them such snapshots as the two inset in the chief illustration on this page. The "glasses" are held to the eyes while the photographs are being taken. The lens may be seen at the side. Such cameras as these are, of course, of the greatest use for securing "unposed" studies, the taking of which does not attract attention. They are also particularly noticeable for the excellent quality of the photographs taken.—[*Photograph by C. F. L. Clarke.*]

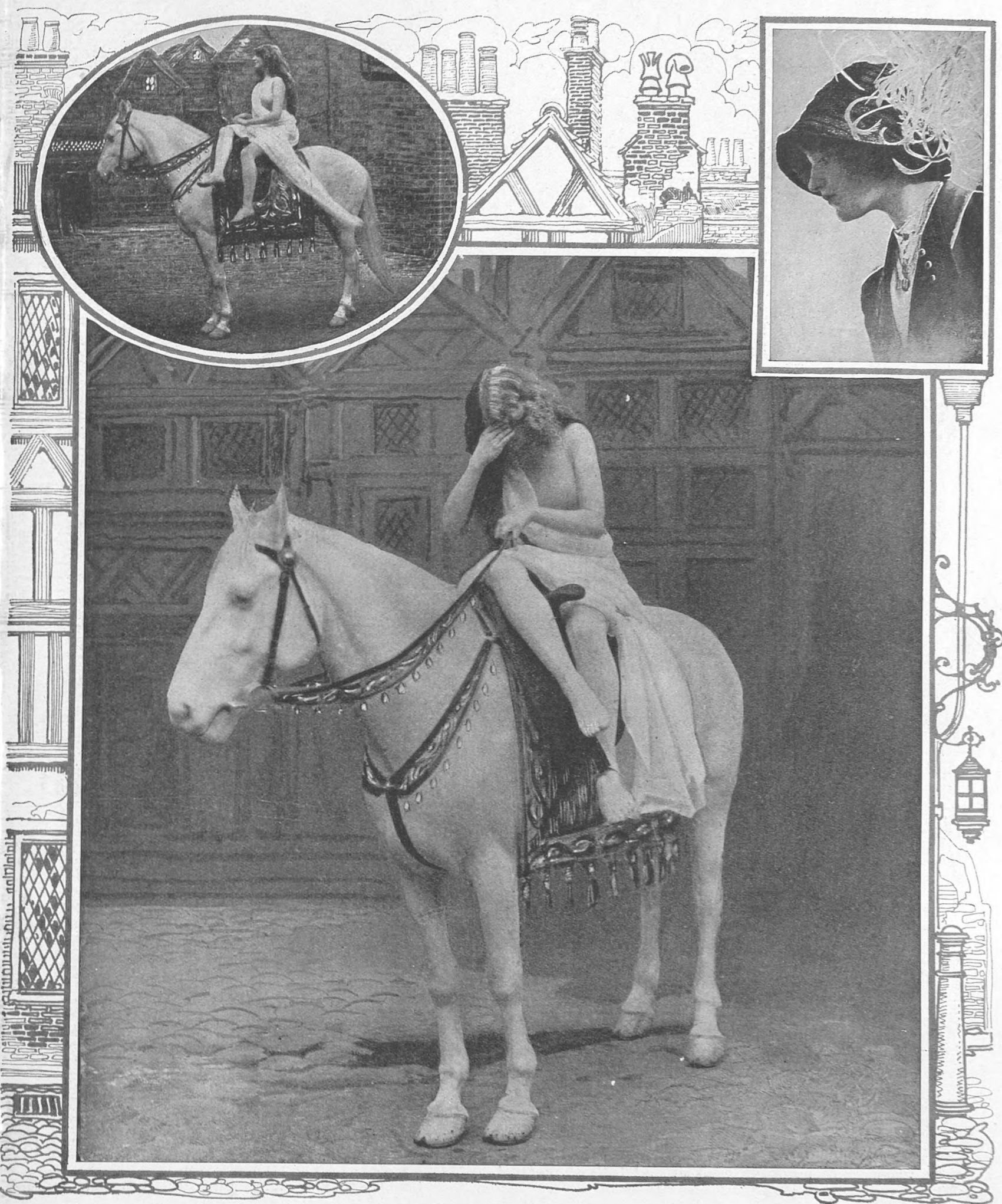
TO RIDE IN THE CORONATION DAY PROCESSION



TO BE MORE "TRADITIONAL" THAN SOME OF HER PREDECESSORS: MISS VIOLA

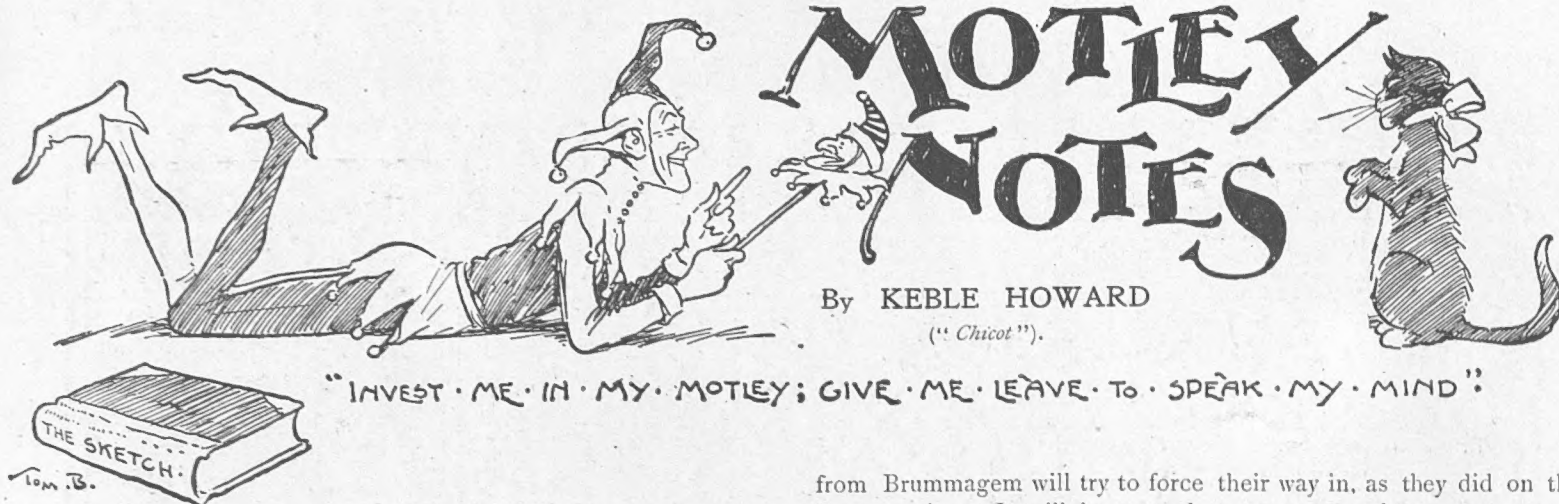
Miss Viola Hamilton, of Hendon, is to be the Lady Godiva of the Coronation Day Procession at Coventry. Speaking to a representative of the "Star" the other day, she said that she was to be more "traditional" than certain of her predecessors in the rôle, remarking, "The Committee thought that the colours of the costumes . . . had not harmonised. . . . I am designing my costume myself, both as regards style

AT COVENTRY: THE LADY GODIVA FROM HENDON.



HAMILTON, THE LADY GODIVA OF THE FORTHCOMING PROCESSION AT COVENTRY.

and colour." Miss Hamilton, who is a very pretty blonde, learnt riding at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Olympia when she was seven. She has a good soprano voice, and has made successes on the musical-comedy and music-hall stages, playing, for instance, a principal part in "The Belle of Brittany" on tour and the principal boy in "Aladdin" on tour. —[Photographs by Hana.]



CORONATION CONVERSATIONS.

I.—AT THE STAGE-DOOR.

JANE THOMSON. Hullo, dear! Haven't seen you for ages. How are you? Are you rehearsing here?

GLADYS AMPHILL. Yes, rather! Been rehearsing here for the last fortnight! But what are *you* doing here?

JANE THOMSON. I was going to try for a small part in the new piece. I didn't know the rehearsals had been going on for a fortnight. Of course, there won't be anything left.

GLADYS AMPHILL. Oh, but I'm not rehearsing for the regular bill! Much more important, my dear. Haven't you read about the All-Star Matinée for the Society for Enamelling Tortoiseshell Kittens?

JANE THOMSON. Yes, of course I have. D'you mean to say you're in that?

GLADYS AMPHILL. Yes. Isn't it luck? I wish you could have been in it, too; but there's no chance now, darling.

JANE THOMSON. Besides, I'm not nearly well enough known.

GLADYS AMPHILL. Don't you think so? Oh, I should think so. But I'm sure it's no use trying.

JANE THOMSON. No, I shan't try. What sort of a part have you got?

GLADYS AMPHILL. Oh, I haven't got a part, you know. There weren't enough to go round. I'm a peasant-girl in the first act, and I waltz past the centre opening in the second.

JANE THOMSON. How perfectly lovely!

GLADYS AMPHILL. Yes, I think I shall look rather nice—very pale pink satin. But that isn't all, my dear. I'm in that swagger matinée at the Sweet William Theatre as well!

JANE THOMSON. No!

GLADYS AMPHILL. Fact! Isn't it luck?

JANE THOMSON. Rather! You'll soon be a star. What are you in that?

GLADYS AMPHILL. Well, I'm on the stage, of course, but I'm not seen. There has to be a lot of chattering off—supposed to be guests at a garden-party or a ball or something—and I'm one of those. I've got a dream of a frock for it. It's so jolly being mixed up with all the tip-top people. D'you know, I was so near to Sir William the other day that I could have touched him. He was waiting for his entrance, so I chattered much louder than the others, and I'm sure he heard me.

JANE THOMSON. Splendid! That's the way to get on. You may play good parts on tour all your life, and never get any further.

II.—POLICE REGULATIONS AT LONG DITCHINGTON.

SERGEANT LAMB. 'Shun! Wake up, Constable String. Your helmet's on crooked, Constable Nutter. Just help him straighten it, Constable Chapgood. I didn't tell you to knock it off, my lad! What's the matter with your belt, Constable Lovey? It's half-way up your chest.

CONSTABLE LOVEY. It's got a bit too tight for me, Sir. I've sent in a happlication for a new one.

SERGEANT LAMB. Better apply again. You can't turn out like that for the Coronation Banquet. No laughing in the ranks. Now, then, these are your duties on the day of the Banquet. Constable String, you'll be on point duty at the top of the lane leading to the medder where the Banquet takes place from eleven in the morning to three in the afternoon. All traffic is to be stopped at noon, exceptin' carts and suchlike having official business on the medder. You must also see that no cows, sheep, pigs, or anything o' that sort is allowed to pass down the lane. . . . Constable Nutter, you will be in attendance at the turnstile to assist the Vicar in checking the tickets for the feed. The Vicar's of opinion that some rowdies

from Brummagem will try to force their way in, as they did on the last occasion. It will be your duty to prevent that.

CONSTABLE NUTTER. Should I use me truncheon in case of necessity, Sir?

SERGEANT LAMB. Only as an extreme measure. We don't want to make a free fight of it. Bear in mind that you've got the authority of the force at your back. I shall be about, but I shan't take no active part. I must keep me gloves clean to help the ladies into their carriages.

CONSTABLE NUTTER. In case of being likely to be overpowered, should I—?

SERGEANT LAMB. Silence! Constable Chapgood, I shall want you outside the tent where the prizes for the sports is being exhibited. If anything's missing, you'll be responsible. On the last occasion somebody pinched an alarum clock, a butter-dish, and a walking-stick. The constable in charge of the tent was dismissed on suspicion; mind that. Constable Lovey, you'll keep about six paces from me wherever I 'appen to be. No ostentation, mind. You're a bit given that way, and it isn't seemly in a man 'until he's got his stripes. . . . As to general remarks, you'll all bear in mind that this is a pleasure occasion, not a riot, nor yet an election. There's no need to lose your 'eads and begin shovin' the people all over the place. On the last occasion there was nine chaps arrested and only two cells to put 'em in. Don't let that occur again. If you *must* arrest anybody, take care it's a stranger. We don't want no ill-feeling in the town. . . . Right turn! Dismiss!

III.—WHEN FATHER UNBENDS.

FATHER. Yes, my son, we are rapidly approaching one of the greatest days in the glorious history of our Empire. On the twenty-second of this month King George V. and Queen Mary will be crowned at Westminster Abbey.

SMALL SON. Why do they crown them, father?

FATHER. All the Kings and Queens of England have been crowned, my son.

SMALL SON. Is that what makes them kings and queens, father?

FATHER. Well, not exactly, my son. They are kings and queens before they are crowned, but the crowning is the—well, it's the way of showing that they are kings and queens.

SMALL SON. Are they crowned with real crowns, father?

FATHER. Yes, my son. Real golden crowns, with a lot of beautiful jewels in them.

SMALL SON. And then do they wear them always after that?

FATHER. No, not always, my son. Only on very special occasions.

SMALL SON. Then are they kings and queens when they're not wearing their crowns, father?

FATHER. Yes, my son; they're always kings and queens after they've been crowned.

SMALL SON. But you said they were kings and queens before they were crowned, father.

FATHER. Did I? Well, so they are. What I mean is that they're just as much kings and queens when they're not wearing their crowns as when they are wearing them.

SMALL SON. Then why do they have to be crowned, father?

FATHER. I've told you that before. You must try not to be stupid. The crowning is just to show that they are kings and queens.

SMALL SON. Then how do people know which is the king and which is the queen when they're not wearing their crowns?

FATHER. Don't ask so many questions. Better go and find your mother.

SMALL SON. If you were crowned, would you be a king, father?

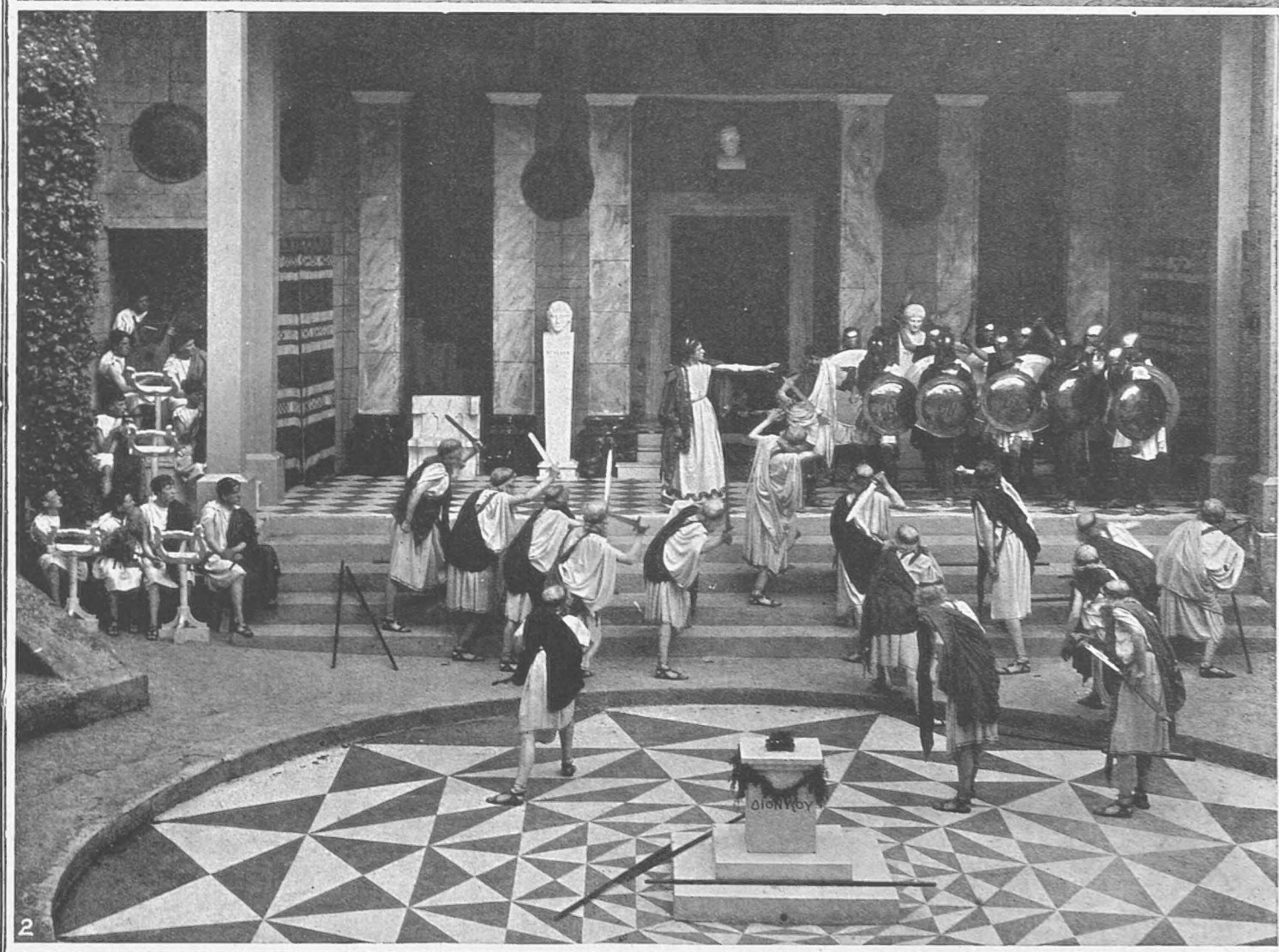
FATHER. Certainly not. Don't talk such nonsense!

SMALL SON. Would Mr. Appledore be a king if he were—

(*Shrill cry of pain. Exit Small Son.*)

A PLAY THAT STILL DRAWS AFTER MORE THAN 2000 YEARS:

THE "AGAMEMNON," AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE.



1. THE "IDEAL PUBLIC" OF A GREEK PLAY ACTING IN THAT PLAY:
THE CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS IN THE "AGAMEMNON"
PERFORMING A CHORIC MOVEMENT.

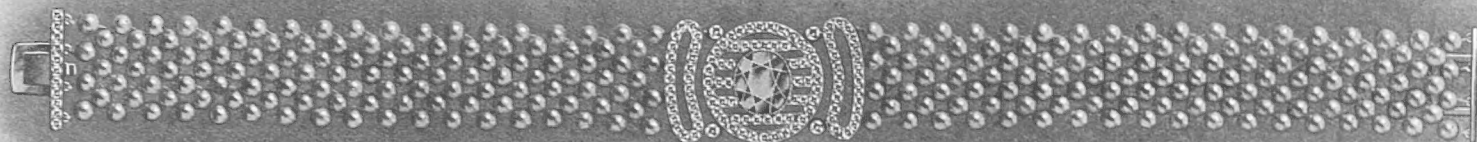
2. AFTER THE MURDER OF AGAMEMNON: CLYTEMNESTRA (MR. W. R.
HAY) PREVENTS A CONFLICT BETWEEN THE SOLDIERS OF
EGISTHUS (MR. S. M. BOURNE) AND THE CHORUS.

The Greek play chosen for this year's performance at Bradfield College, Berkshire, is the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, first produced at Athens in 453 B.C. The plot, of course, deals with the murder of Agamemnon, on his return from Troy, by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour, Egisthus. Bradfield is probably unique among schools in possessing an open-air theatre of its own in the classical Greek style. It was built out of a disused chalk-pit, and was modelled on the ancient theatre of Epidaurus, which dates from the 4th Century B.C. The auditorium holds about two thousand spectators. The play takes place once in three years, and the "Antigone" of Sophocles, the "Alcestis" of Euripides, and the "Agamemnon" are performed in turn, partly because other plays would require a female chorus. All the acting and music are performed by Bradfield boys actually at the school, and an English verse translation of the play by members of the Sixth Form has been published, with the Greek text parallel. It may be noted that in a Greek play the function of the chorus, represented by its leader, was to act as an ideal public. — [Photographs by Fuller and Osborne.]

SURPRISING ART.

A MASTERPIECE of painting or a fine piece of music have one quality in common—when first seen or heard they fill the spectator or the listener with surprise. This is the

Fine coloured stones of rich depth of tone impart vivacity to pendants, dress rings, and earrings, and the exquisite work of the *Maison Tecla* is a realisation of the ideal in jewel harmony.



immediate mental effect of a new delight impressing itself on the senses. One of the oldest crafts—that of the jeweller—appeals directly to artistic emotion. A new design, delicate in conception and graceful in execution, claims immediate recognition on account of this touch of genius, and the first feeling of wonderment is succeeded by the desire for the joy of possession. This is the ideal which all true craftsmen strive to attain.

To please children is proverbially easy, but to affect maturer minds and create new pleasures is a difficult feat. But this the firm of Tecla has done in jewels of wonderful creation and surprising manipulation in their *atelier*. No two pieces are alike, as an individual touch is imparted to every design leaving Paris. This artistic development in connection with Professor Tecla's scientific triumphs places them equal with the finest work of the jeweller.

M. Tecla, after producing rubies in the crucible from waste particles of natural stones, and sapphires and emeralds which have the same physical constituents as those found in Mother Earth, has succeeded in creating pearls of equal weight and hardness to those from the Orient, and having the delightful

sheen so much sought after. Clients of the firm bring real collars and necklaces to have Tecla pearls annexed to them. So effectively is this done that on completion the owners are unable to identify such additions.

Lovers of the chaste pearl, as a personal adornment, greatly appreciate this scientific discovery.

Professor Tecla has not succeeded in making diamonds, therefore his artificial sapphires, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, are set only with real diamonds, and in platinum and gold mountings.

We illustrate a Tecla pearl bracelet with a centre plaque of platinum work, embodying a leaf and flower motif veined with diamonds. This is flanked by two curved platinum bars also set with real diamonds. The pearls in this bracelet are of the pure lustre and possess the charm associated with old and finely matched examples. We also illustrate two smart pairs of earrings, the upper pair being carried out in *Louis Seize* style. The drops, having Tecla emerald centres surrounded by real diamonds, are suspended from a rose and two leaves of diamond work. The other earrings are composed of two Tecla pearls, joined by an oval diamond link. They are both of exceptionally delicate workmanship, and their beauty of form, not overloaded with ornament, gives them a graceful individuality.

The left-hand pendant is suspended from a dainty floriated design embodying a beautiful rendering of the Greek honey-suckle pattern. It has a superb Tecla pearl with open-work platinum design of petal and leaf formation.

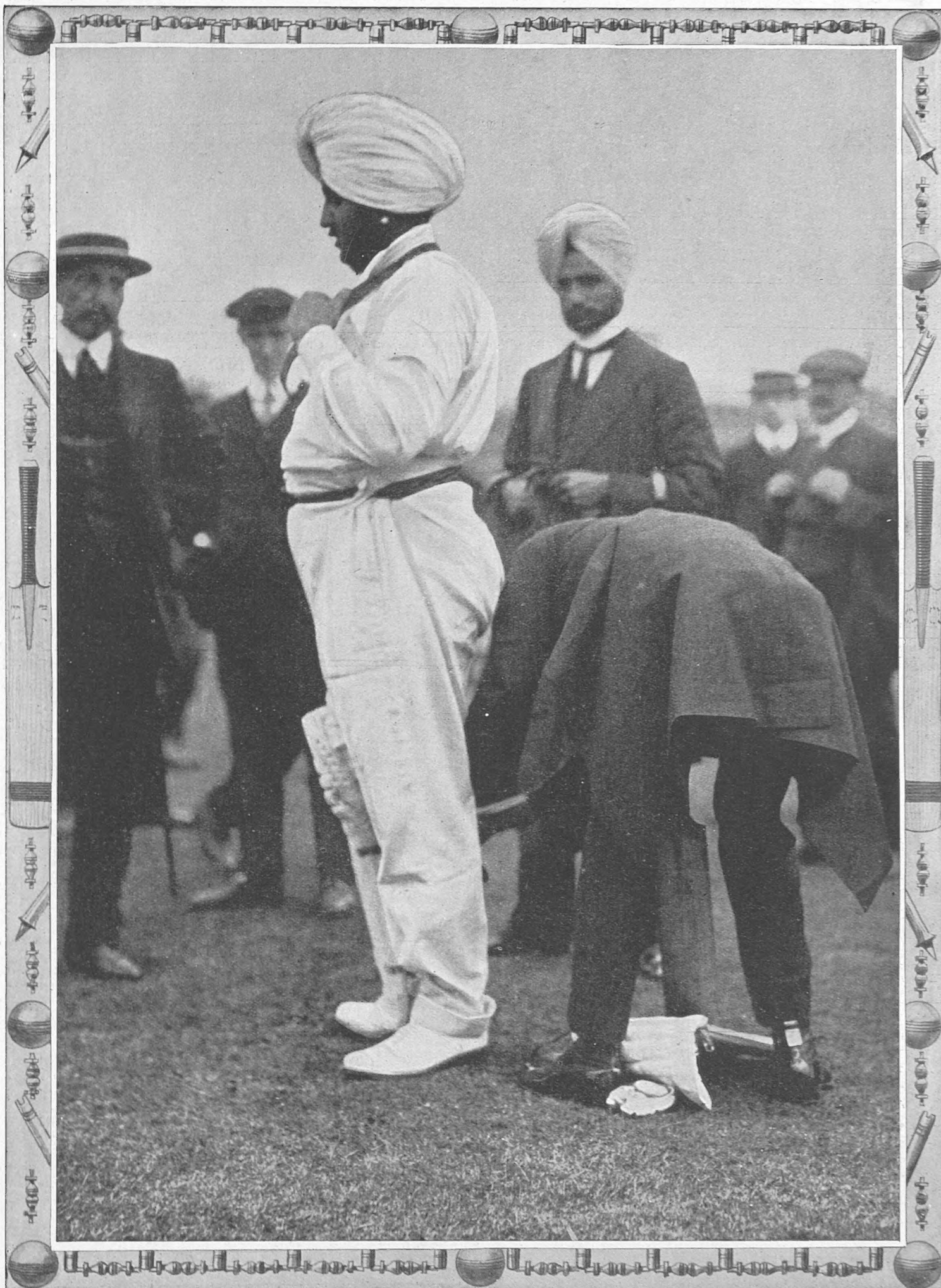
The one on the right is in Empire style, having a magnificent Tecla cabochon sapphire suspended from two diamond laurel wreaths connected by six larger diamonds.

It seems appropriate that these attractive adornments should repose amidst luxurious surroundings of the period of *Louis XVI*. The *salon*, at 7, Old Bond Street, bears no resemblance to an ordinary shop, the jewels being displayed in tasteful cabinets and shown to visitors on correspondingly graceful tables. The whole atmosphere suggests the *rendezvous* of some great collector, and while the most courteous attention is accorded to all, there is never any importunity to purchase. The management is satisfied that woman has merely to

see what science has accomplished in the realm of gems towards enhancing her beauty, to offer worship at the shrine of "Tecla."



THE MAHARAJAH GOES A - CRICKETING.



HARNESSED FOR THE FRAY BY A TRUSTY HENCHMAN: THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA
HAVING HIS PADS ADJUSTED BEFORE GOING IN TO BAT.

The Maharajah of Patiala, who has brought over an all-Indian cricket eleven, is one of the most interesting of the Indian potentates at present visiting this country. He is not only a keen cricketer, but an enthusiastic all-round sportsman, and is very popular both among his own people and his British friends. He is only in his twentieth year, and was invested with full powers as Maharajah in October 1909. He is entitled to be received and visited by the Viceroy of India, and enjoys a salute of seventeen guns. Patiala is one of the Phulkian States of the Punjab, whose ruling families are descended from Phul, successor of Baryam, whom the Emperor Baber in 1526 made Revenue Collector of the lands north of Delhi. The Maharajah's all-Indian eleven began their match against a team of the M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's on Thursday last, when the Prince of Wales and Prince George were among the spectators. Nothing is more likely to promote Anglo-Indian goodwill than these friendly contests on the cricket field.—[Photograph by G.N.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.
Every Evening at 8, until July 1
(theatre closed June 22 to June 26 inclusive)
KING HENRY VIII.
HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. VIOLET VANBRUGH.
and full original cast.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box-office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 1777.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
and Miss KATE CUTLER Every Evening at 8.40 in
THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.
A new play by A. E. W. Mason.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. Every Evening at 8, THE ARCADIAN.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2. Lessee and Manager, Robert Courtneidge.

NEW THEATRE. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY
in THE POPINJAY.
Every Evening at 8.10. Matinees Every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
Mr. George Edwardes' New Musical Production, PEGGY, by George Grossmith jun.
Music by Leslie Stuart. Box-office open daily 10 to 10.

WYNDHAM'S. Gerald du Maurier and Irene Vanbrugh in
PASSERS-BY, by C. Haddon Chambers. At 8.30 precisely. Mat. Weds. Sats. at 2.30.

EMPIRE. SYLVIA, LYDIA KYASH'T, Fred Farren, etc.
GEO. ROBEY, New Edition of "BY GEORGE" Revue,
The Derby on the Bioscope, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS, 8. Matinees Thursday, 2.30. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

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GREAT WHITE CITY.
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Admission, 1s. Children 6d.

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150 Realistic Scenes
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HUNDREDS OF NATIVE ARTISANS AT WORK,
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Hundred Great and Novel Attractions.
Famous Military Bands. Coronation Illuminations.

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The entire British Press unanimously agree that nothing better in Exhibitions could be
imagined or desired.
Best British, Foreign and Colonial Bands and Orchestras, with the very latest in Home
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Cheap Excursions from all parts of the Kingdom.
ADMISSION, 1s.

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EACH PERFORMANCE UNIQUE AND COMPLETE.

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ENCHANTING FLORAL DISPLAYS. UNRIVALLED DECORATIONS.
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International Finals and Championships Every Evening.

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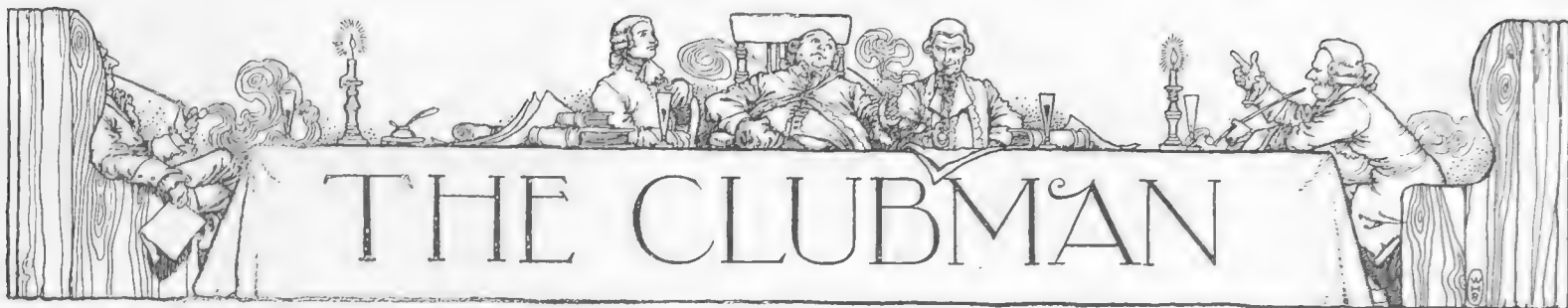
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THE CLUBMAN

Ascot Week.

It seems as though Mayday was only a matter of yesterday, and yet we are now in Ascot week and the Horse Show fortnight, and the Coronation is close upon us. Ascot this year will have become once again Royal Ascot, and the royal enclosure will be as gay as a garden of flowers and butterflies. Last year the enclosure, tenanted by people all in the deepest mourning, the blackness relieved only by the points of white made by the race-cards which everybody held in their hands, was a gloomy place to look at or to be in, and the few American or foreign ladies on the lawns or in the paddock who did not conform to the general mourning, but wore coloured dresses, seemed to be very much out of place. This year it will be the people in mourning who will seem to be the contrast to the general brightness.

The Horse Show.

The advent of the foreign officers to ride at the great Horse Show at Olympia has put a new touch of colour into London, which is already very colourful in this brilliant Coronation year. We have become used to the grey and crimson breeched Belgians, and to the red-legged Frenchmen, but the Americans and Germans and Russians are newcomers. The Americans are quite used in their own country to all horse show tests, but whether their horses will find the Sussex gate a thing to be frightened at only the actual tests will show. The Germans have practised diligently in their riding-schools over facsimiles of the obstacles they will meet at Olympia, and no doubt they have, with true German thoroughness, accustomed their mounts to the glare and the noise which are all part of our great show. Some of the German officers are fine steeplechase riders, and it is not likely that Germany, on the first occasion of the appearance of her military representatives in an international arena, will have sent us any but her very best riders. The same remark applies to the Russians. The officers of the crack Russian cavalry regiments are not, as a body, renowned for horsemanship. They buy the very best horses in the market—Irish ones, as a rule—and these horses are very perfectly broken for parade and processional work; but it is outside the Guard regiments that the best riders in the Russian army are to be found.

The Fear of the Crush.

Staying for Whitsuntide in the North of France, I was told at several of the little towns on the sea which stud that coast that they were going to be quite full of English during the Coronation week. There is no lack of patriotism in the British who are going to leave their own country during the great week, for preparations for Coronation rejoicing are already being made in all these settlements in a foreign country. But thousands of quiet-going people, who have no duties in connection with the great festival, have been frightened at the idea of the discomfort that the invasion of London by millions of sightseers will bring in its train, by the preparations the police are making for dealing with an overwhelming flood

of humanity, and by the cessation of wheeled traffic in London for two whole days. The statement placarded on every wall that the police intend to close the barriers in the streets leading to the Coronation route on the 22nd at 4 a.m. if the streets on the route are full of people by that time gives some idea of the masses of the populace with which the police force expect to have to deal. London will get very little sleep on the night before the great day, for the railway stations will pour hundreds of thousands of trippers into the city during the night, and those trippers will have no lodging to go to. At the other end of the scale, all the great ladies who are to attend the ceremony at the Abbey will have to be up and about in the small hours of the morning, for the hairdressers will be so overworked that most of the ladies of the minor nobility will have to be in their hands before the sun has risen. London will be somewhat in the position of a captured city into which a humane enemy has made an entrance, but in which the central citadel still holds out.



OWNER OF VARIOUS CARRIAGES OF GOLD AND SILVER:
HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd. See Page 315.

Naval Ribbons.

One little matter which interested me I noticed in France at Whitsuntide, and that is that nearly all the little French children are now wearing the ribbons of French warships on their straw hats instead of the ribbons of British ones. Some patriotic hatmaker must have turned out some millions of the new ribbons. For the past ten years nearly every French child at the seaside has worn the ribbon of one of his Majesty's ships, and most of them have picked out one of our ships with a French name, quite oblivious of the fact that the ships of our Navy with these names commemorate some French prize taken by Nelson or one of our other admirals during the period of the great wars. Now *Jean Bart* and the *Surcouf* and other titles of the French navy are on the hats of patriotic little Frenchmen and little French ladies.

Our Atmosphere.

of the preservatives used on the decaying stonework of the Tower of London," says the official report, "have been able to resist the destructive effects of the London atmosphere." It is curious and very fortunate that the air which crumbles stone, and so affects the plane-trees of our boulevards that they shed their skins to get rid of the clogging dirt, should harm men and women so little. It almost seems as though the peck of dirt of the proverb forms a necessary part of the Londoner's



THE "MAYS" OF JUNE: TEA-TIME DURING THE "MAYS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was arranged that extra gaieties should be added to those customary during the "Mays" at Cambridge that Coronation year might be specially marked.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

diet. That the inscriptions cut by the prisoners in the Tower are now to be, for the first time, all systematically photographed and catalogued and preserved will be, I am afraid, a direct incentive to 'Arry to hand down his name to posterity on all our public buildings and on all our monuments. He will argue that most of the prisoners in the Tower were not as important people as he is, and that the chances of his rising to fame are greater than were those of the generality of the malefactors who picked out their names with a nail on the stone.



FRIDAY'S seven dances included Lady Massereene and Ferrard's, Lady Emily Digby's, Lady Fairbairn's, and Mrs. Morgan's. Friday, too, had at least seven dinners, and more than seven "afternoons." It was a day for the breaking of records. When Mr. Taft paid his last visit to New York, he was there for

thirty-six hours, and was booked for seven official dinners and luncheons. Our Colonial visitors do their best to match the President, and a certain South African is proud of Friday's feats. He rode in the Park at fashionable 8.30, attended the Levée at St. James's Palace in the middle hours of the day, fed among compatriots in Pall Mall, went on with them to Lady Jersey's garden party at Osterley Park, dined in Grosvenor Place, and danced in Manchester Square. "And when I came home" he recounts with a grin, "I had hard work tearing up the invitations I had not accepted."

realise that the sun had made many truants from the tyranny of the town. Lord Huntingfield and Mr. W. Vanneck have been spending a fortnight at Mullingar for sport on the Westmeath Lakes, and the Bishop of Manchester, weary of fishing for souls in a diocese of bricks, has gone to fish in Sutherlandshire streams. Lord Fitzwilliam has bought the steam-yacht *Shemara*, and will, so to speak, be a seat-holder for the Naval Review. For Lord and Lady Stradbroke, their recently acquired *Waterwitch* has lost none of the freshness of its glamour and very little of the freshness of its paint, and they are allowing it to interrupt the flow of their London season. To such enthusiastic yacht-owners the Naval Review, with its invitation to the salt water, is the *clou* of Coronation year.

London's Dominoes. The common complaint is that London is disfigured by its sheaths and visors of raw wood.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. W. MACARTHUR-ONSLOW ON THE 20TH: MISS CHRISTABEL BEECH.

Miss Beech is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Beech, of Brumsden Hall, Coventry. Captain Macarthur-Onslow, of the 16th Lancers, is the fourth son of the late Captain A. W. Onslow, R.N., and Mrs. Macarthur-Onslow, of Camden Park, New South Wales.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

"Bring This Card With You." It is, by the way, a season very much governed by the ticket. With a town full of strangers, a new Court and a Liberal Government, the most experienced Master of Ceremonies and the most mindful of hostesses must fail to recognise more than one in twenty of the people who crowd receptions of a semi-official kind. Thus, the ticket becomes a necessary check—and not only at the King's Levées, at the State



MARRIED IN NEW ZEALAND ON MAY 24: THE HON. MR. AND MRS. W. TATTERSALL WHITELEY.

On May 24 the marriage took place, at Waipari, New Zealand, of the Hon. William Tattersall Whiteley, elder son of Lord and Lady Marchamley, and Margaret Clara Johnstone, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Johnstone, of Glenmark, Waipari. Mr. Whiteley is to bring his bride to England before long, and has taken a house in Shropshire, near Hawkestone Park. (Photographs by Savory and Clifford.)



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. G. GIBSON ON THE 17TH: MISS ETHEL BEATRICE WINTER.

Miss Winter is the elder daughter of Colonel S. H. Winter, late Army Service Corps, of Glentworth Road, Blackheath. Captain Gibson is in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

But is it? Scaffolding flatters even a lovely building; and even a Wren tower looks its best through a veil of poles and scaffolding. The more an ugly building is obscured from without, the better for the passer-by. But the clubman's complaint from within is a genuine one. When he looks from his window he sees neither carriages nor pretty frocks, but the inside of a timber stand and a carpenter's apron. One disconsolate clubman was found wandering down Pall Mall in the heat of day. "I daren't go back," he explained; "that



DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF METROPOLITAN POLICE COURTS: MISS DE RUTZEN.

Miss de Rutzen, the gifted daughter of Sir Albert de Rutzen and Lady de Rutzen, is a granddaughter of the late Charles Frederick Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park, Pembroke.

Photograph by Bassano.

Ball, and at other royal functions. It was demanded even at Lady Londesborough's garden-party at St. Dunstan's. Tickets will open the police-barricades on Coronation Day; and the time may yet come when we shall dine by paste-board, and have to go home to get our passport when it has been forgotten—an annoyance which the port, once we have passed to it, must be very good to put us back again into good-humour.

The Whitsun Tide of Fashion. If Whitsun took everybody into the country, the

sun made everybody inclined to stay there. House-parties, in several instances, were prolonged on account of the marvellous weather; and for some people the week-end never ended. Engagements to dine and dance brought the majority back; but few London hostesses of last week failed to

man with the hammer and nails thinks so poorly of me. Whenever I sit down in the smoking-room he looks in at the window, and when I wake from a nap in the library, the blighter with a screw-driver has his eye on me." Such are the sorrows which London inflicts on her lovers as the price of their seeing her buildings with a new fascination behind their golden dominoes.

A Newry Invention.

Viscount Newry, who is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Kilmorey, has devised a novel craft in the shape of a Lowestoft fishing-boat fitted with a motor, which he intends to put into operation off the Irish coast. Lord Newry is a Captain in the 1st Life Guards, and among his practical military studies was a visit to the battlefields of the Russo-Japanese War in Manchuria.



A LEADING CORONATION HOSTESS: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

The Duchess of Westminster will be one of the most interesting figures at the Shakespeare Ball, appearing as the Queen of France in the "Henry VI." Quadrille. At this ball, by the way, the royal party alone will number eight.

Photograph by Langley.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR LOOSE GOLD AND SILVER: HOWDAH, SADDLE, CARRIAGES, AND GUN IN PRECIOUS METALS.



1. AN ELEPHANT WITH THE PHOENIX SADDLE OF SILVER ON WHICH THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA RIDES.
3. THE £10,000 GOLD HOWDAH USED ON STATE OCCASIONS BY THE MAHARAJAH.
5. THE 208,551-RUPY GOLD GUN BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJAH.

2. AN ELEPHANT WITH A SILVER HOWDAH WITH A SILVER CANOPY USED BY THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA.
4. THE MAHARAJAH IN ONE OF HIS REMARKABLE GOLD CARRIAGES.
6. AN ORNATE GOLD VEHICLE USED BY THE MAHARAJAH.

Should you have so much loose change that your money is a serious burden to you, you can get rid of it not only in the orthodox method, but in the unorthodox. If you prefer the latter, why not melt down the coin and have carriages of gold and silver—with them, as the lawyers put it, a gold gun to protect them? With particular reference to the illustrations on this page, it may be remarked that the Maharajah of Baroda's gold gun is estimated to be worth 208,551 rupees; while its equipment, including the gorgeous body-cloths of the bullocks, is worth another 50,000 rupees. The gold howdah, valued at about £10,000, is for State occasions. The Maharajah of Baroda is one of the most respected and enlightened of Indian Princes, and is one of the three entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns. He succeeded in 1875, and rules over nearly two million people dwelling in an area 8226 square miles in extent. The revenue of his State for last year is given as £1,054,000.—[Photographs by Bourne and Shepherd.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

NUMBERS of foreign motorists are coming over to England this year. As all nations except ourselves drive on the wrong side of the road, you may look out for squalls.

"The angler is just an optimist," says a daily paper. Seldom has the fisherman's angle of outlook been so politely and pleasantly put.

Now that the German Emperor is safely on the other side of the North Sea it may be safe to note that he wears his trousers too short. Not turned up, you notice, but too short. It is only the truly great who can stand up against these little errors of detail.

If the Paris doctors had only discovered a few centuries earlier that carrots are a cure for jealousy Desdemona might have lived to a ripe old age. For example, if when Othello went bellowing about the room for a handkerchief, she had presented him with a nice tender little carrot to munch, he would have seen through Iago with half an eye, and all would have been well.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is said to be executing a bronze bust of Charles Dickens in black marble, for the Gravesend Dickens Fellowship. To the uninstructed mind this sounds a most difficult feat, but hearty congratulations all the same.

In Dick Whittington's day London was reputed to be paved with gold; in a very short time it will be paved with rubber. More fortunes are made out of rubber than out of gold nowadays.



The stranger said, "I seek
St. Paul's
Cathedral towers and dome,
and then
Some other famous spires and
walls
Of Christopher, whose name
was Wren.
I search and search through
many a street,
And though I look and
study hard,
Where'er I go I merely meet
A vast, wide - stretching
timber-yard."

Marylebone Police-Court boasts of a witness who combines the occupations of a greengrocer and an actor. This is a trifle off the rails. According to Hamlet, he should be a fishmonger.

TELEGRAMS, "TIMBERYARD, LONDON."
(Most of the public buildings and churches of London on the Coronation route are now hidden by vast masses of timber for the grand stands.)

"To Westminster I take my way
To view the Abbey's ancient fane;
Where are those walls so old and grey?
I only come on wood again.
Where'er I turn, where'er I gaze,
One sight alone meets my regard—
(No matter what my guide-book says)
An all-embracing timber-yard."



BLACK SHEEP.

(The sheep in the London parks are known as "Black Scotch," and are much sought after by the leading butchers on account of their excellent mutton.)

Black Scotch! It sounds like whisky, gentle sheep,
And yet you come of a teetotal race.

How often have I watched you slowly creep

Athwart the park, cropping with stealthy grace
The sooty grass, till, like an ovine sweep,

You wear its blackness on your coat and face.
And, though your destiny is wool and meat,
You look unfit alike to shear or eat.

But now I learn your meat is greatly prized
As mutton's Special Scotch, and that your chops—
Although, perhaps, a trifle undersized—
Are much sought after by the butchers' shops.
Our London fogs, though hated and despised,
Can grow sweet, sooty, appetising crops,
And black-fed cutlets, grown in London town,
Surpass the saddle from a Wiltshire down.

School pencils are being disinfected in some quarters, as they are said to harbour germs. For ages the schoolboy has sucked his pencil, and thriven on the germs, but if this disinfecting craze is to spread, he will never get a chance of chewing a decent germ, except in tuck-shop fruit.

"Nowadays," a fashion article says, "a woman may wear any dress she likes." This is reckoning without the hooligan and his objection to the harem skirt.

Smith Minor warmly welcomes the suggestion that English spelling should be simplified every four, five, or ten years. For his part, he is quite willing and able to simplify it every time that he puts pen to paper.

Real nuts will wear their hats at a very rakish angle this year, and in the depths of the country they may wear them right over their ears. Happily, Nature has gifted some of the nuts with ears that

they can hang any hat on.

Sir James Crichton Browne is worth following. He has patted Margate on the back as peculiarly favourable to the growth of the brain. All the children who eat fried-fish at Margate will grow up exceptionally brainy.

It is most satisfactory to learn on official authority that the insect-eating birds at the "Zoo" will not feed on the bloody-nosed beetle. A most unattractive diet.

An American visitor has paid a great compliment to the London police. She says that there ought to be one of them everywhere you look, so that you need never get lost and always have someone to talk to. It must be such a refreshing change after New York, where the policeman's idea of zeal is to club the foot-passengers.



UNDEFEATED BY THE MEN, THOUGH BEATEN BY THE LADIES.



THRICE AMATEUR CHAMPION: MR. HAROLD H. HILTON—A CARICATURE.

Mr. Harold H. Hilton, who won the Amateur Golf Championship for the third time the other day, has better fortune when he is playing men than when he is playing women. The ladies, indeed, seem to have a habit of beating him; for example, he lost to Miss Neil Fraser and Miss L. Moore in the recent mixed match at Stoke Poges, and before that succumbed to Miss Cecilia Leitch. The ladies, of course, received a handicap. Mr. Hilton's career as a golfer has been very distinguished. In addition to winning the Amateur Championship—that is, in 1900, 1901, and the other day—he has won the Open Championship twice, has been thrice runner-up for the Amateur Championship, has won the Irish Open Amateur Championship four times, the Gold Medal of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club six times, the St. George's Vase twice, and has represented England versus Scotland eight times. In view of the great interest being taken in him just now, we reprint this American caricature of him, which, it may be remembered, we published on a small scale at the end of 1909. The artist gives the title, "H. H. Hilton, the English crack, is an amphibious player."

DRAWN BY KEMBLE.



Ireland.

The Irish players are back again in our midst: if anything, more brilliant and more sure of themselves than ever. When they first came there was something about them that seemed amateurish; all trace of that has gone long ago, and they have lost nothing in the process. Mr. Arthur Sinclair has developed into a comic genius of the first rank, and, like all geniuses, he can be tragic as well as comic. He is, of course,

enormously assisted by the accent and the quaint peculiarities of Irish syntax, which are so fascinating to the unaccustomed ear; but I think he would be comic in whatever tongue he spoke. His Michael James Flaherty, in "The Playboy of the Western World" is an inspiration; and he was quite as good in a little new play "The Pie-dish," where he appeared as an old man determined to finish his pie-dish before he died, and died with a vivid realism which made the audience to shudder. "The Pie-dish" was a characteristic little essay in pathos and humour, and it gave Miss Maire O'Neill, too, a chance of showing her versatility. From a stout, middle-aged, determined Irish peasant she changed to the delightful little "Peggy Mike" of "the Playboy," and but for the programme you could never have guessed that the two were the same person. The Playboy himself, Mr. Fred O'Donovan, has never acted the part so well as he is doing at present; the poetry of it, and the tenderness and the elemental simplicity, are in his nature; and as a lover—



COMPOSER OF "THE ALGERIAN GIRL";
MR. STEPHEN R. PHILPOT.

"The Algerian Girl," a new musical comedy, was presented for the first time at the Kennington Theatre the other day, and cordially greeted. The book and lyrics are by Mr. Herbert Shelle; the music is by Mr. Stephen R. Philpot, who was for some time musical adviser to Messrs. Ascherberg, and is now a partner in Messrs. Egerton and Co., music-publishers. Amongst the actors, Mr. Alfred de Manby, the well-known singer, who played the outlaw hero, made a great "hit."

Photograph by Statham.

well, it is said to be hard to invent new love-scenes, but the love of him and his Peggy is a thing of which I have never seen the like. There is also an old friend in Mr. J. O. O'Rourke, with his curious angularity of disposition and his air of half-stupid wit; and there are several newcomers of merit, of whom Mr. U. Wright has had the best opportunity of distinguishing himself. It is a remarkable company; and I hope its presence in London will not be forgotten.

Scotland.

"Till the Bells Ring," a new curtain-raiser at the Playhouse, is Scotland's contribution to the week's festivities. It is an entertaining little farce, calculated to lower the dignity of the Free Church elder (or the Established elder—I forget which the gentleman was) by showing him in the undignified position of marrying a lady for her money and finding that she has none. There is humour in it, but it did not appear to be the forerunner of any new school of Scottish drama. Its author, Mr. Graham Moffat, played the chief part with considerable ability, and the whole company entertained us with a very refreshing Scotch accent.

England.

There have also been English events. Sir Herbert Tree, for instance, has revived "Twelfth Night," with an excellent Toby in Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and a new and attractive Viola in Miss Viva Birkett; but the only new play is the rather strange, though in many ways original, melodrama, "The Crucible," with which Messrs. E. G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson have followed up their success in "The

Butterfly on the Wheel." To attempt to describe "The Crucible" in detail would take too long, and it is not a play which lends itself to brief description. Its main characteristic is that while it serves up again the old familiar figures of the domineering man of finance and the villain who gets the heroine into his power by the threat of ruin to her young brother who has gone wrong, it adds to the complications all sorts of strange impossibilities, in a manner which has a certain daring in its originality. As a work of art, "The Crucible" lacks form and purpose, and it does not pretend to anything but theatrical effect; but it succeeds to some extent in its aim, and I shall not be surprised to see it a popular success. Mr. Ainley appears in a new role as the stern, strong man who is also a shocking villain, yet has some strange excuses for his villainy; Miss Evelyn D'Alroy is a very earnest heroine; and there is an admirable performance of a foolish boy by a young actor, Mr. Owen Nares, whom I do not remember to have seen before. And, of course, there should be mentioned Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Miss Mary Rorke, though they only shine in minor parts.

Also England.

Miss Marie Tempest, too, has come back from the Halls, and is giving us once more the best of herself in "The Marriage of Kitty," at the Duke of York's. Originally almost a French comedy, the play has, as the result of frequent repetition, become more and more of a farce; and the extravagantly farcical Sir Reginald of Mr. Graham Browne has had much to do with the change. But it is Miss Tempest alone who really matters, and she is in great form—swift, incisive, and masterly as ever in her humour, and like no one else in her wonderful self-possession and her irrepressible high spirits. "The Marriage of Kitty" may drag at times—in fact, it does drag; but she has only to step in and take control, and all is well again. A word, too, is due in appreciation of the vigour and energy with which Miss Marie Polini plays the very difficult part of the hysterical Mme. de Semiano. Few actresses can make much of continual tantrums and hysterics; Miss Marie Polini at times succeeded in making the lady amusing.

France.

Finally, M. Galipaux should not be forgotten, even though he has gone so far away as the Boudoir Theatre at Earl's Court, and has arrived at a time when so many other enterprises are calling for attention. Probably more will have to be said of him later; but he began with two little one-act plays, in which his comic genius shone with a very dazzling light. In dealing with a telephone he is a perfect delight; and the eloquence of his countenance in "Octave," when he hears his survivors arranging things after his supposed death, is beyond all words. The Little French Theatre in London are to be congratulated on having begun so well.



BECOME A STAR TURN IN A SINGLE NIGHT;
MLLE. CATRINA GELTZER, WHO IS DANCING WITH
GREAT SUCCESS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios. (See "Star Turns.")

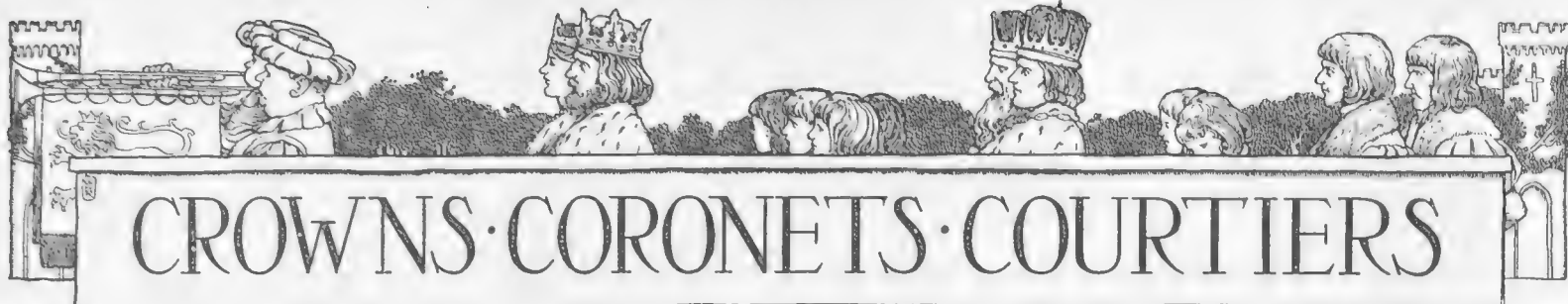
A QUEEN OF THE STAGE AND AN UNHAPPY QUEEN'S BED.



IN A REPRODUCTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CARVED AND GILT BEDSTEAD AT FONTAINEBLEAU:
 Mlle. GABY DESLYS IN "LES DÉBUTS DE CHICHINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, already well known to Londoners and much appreciated by them, is appearing at the Alhambra in a sketch entitled "Les Début de Chichine." That this might be presented as well as possible the fair comédienne had sent from Paris furniture to the value of £1000 or thereabouts. This is of the Louis XVI. type, and includes a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's carved and gilt bedstead at Fontainebleau, and replicas of two chairs from the same unfortunate Queen's "Petit Trianon."

Photographs by Bert and Illustrations Bureau.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

COOL weather on Coronation Day is the great need of the Peeresses. It is the need of the slimmest, and almost a necessity for those who are otherwise than slim. A heavy robe of red velvet, over that a red velvet train falling from the shoulders, and over that a cape of ermine—imagine the weight and heat and bulk of it all! Fortunately, the coronets have not to be donned till late in the ceremony, when the Queen herself is crowned; but even so, they go to hardly a brow not already otherwise beaded.

"George Robey." Peers will suffer hardly less than their ladies from the weight and density of their dress. The King himself will have the most to bear in the matter of robes, and a wit of the Gilded Chamber has already given him, in highest admiration, a special name for that day only—"George Robey." His Majesty, who has himself a kind eye on the music-halls, but a discreet one, will perhaps not refuse to appreciate the joke. Even the Coronation ceremony, about which there is so much that requires people to look after themselves, gives opportunity for odds and ends of kindness. Thus, many Peers and Peeresses have arranged to go

and the bust of the Black Prince would come and join us at our coffee before the fire. The elder of the housekeepers is so old that to look at her you would think she was going to tell you all about the Wars of the Roses." She is long dead; she has at least been spared the sight of M. Hamel's monoplane making war on the rose-bushes.

Savoyards. Lady Chesterfield will receive the guests of the Eighty Club at the Savoy on June 19. According to a semi-official announcement, "Lady Borden is bringing a party of Canadians, Lady Ward will chaperon a party of New Zealanders, and Mrs. Botha will attend with a South African party." "Bring," "attend," "chaperon"!

These, surely, are differences without a distinction, unless they mean that New Zealanders are the wilder sort of Colonials. That all the guests are to be under Lady Chesterfield's wing, however, ensures a calm evening; for she presides over a ball-room as skilfully as, say, over her chicken-farms.

Knowing the Ropes—of Pearls. Some of the evidence in the Cameron case warns the amateur of the difficulty of appraising pearls. "Oh, look! What pearls!" is now an exclamation more often stifled, like a yawn, than emitted. It dies on the lips in the fear that they may, after all, be imitations. But still there is something, surely, in great pearls that signals to



TO MARRY CAPTAIN THE HON. H. CORNELIUS PRITIE; MISS BEATRIX EVELYN GRAHAM.

Miss Graham is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Graham, of Carfin and Stonebyres, Lanarkshire. Captain the Hon. H. Cornelius Pritie, of the Rifle Brigade, is the elder son of Lord Duncalby.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



TO MARRY ON THE 14TH: MR. J. W. BONHAM AND MISS LILIAN MARY HAMILTON.

Miss Hamilton is the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles R. Hamilton, of Hamwood, Co. Meath. Mr. John Wroughton Bonham is the second son of Colonel John Bonham, C.B., of Ballintaggart, Co. Kildare.—[Photographs by Swaine and Langier.]

robed to visit ill or aged relatives and friends, long as it will take them to reach even Belgrave Square or Carlisle Place. The King, when he shows himself at a window of Buckingham Palace, will like to know how many Peers are adding to the fatigues of the day by being similarly civil.

An Airman at Warwick Castle. Lady Warwick added a monoplane to the attractions of her last house-party at Warwick Castle. M. Hamel, the hero of the Hendon-Aldershot-Hendon flight, was one of her guests, and with his port-manteaux he brought his flying-machine. It is only appropriate that Lady Warwick should be among the first of hostesses to add the fluttering excitements of aviation to her social stock-in-trade. It is recorded in ancient history that she is the lady who led the bicyclists of the 'nineties; that she had twenty machines of twenty colours to suit her twenty costumes; that she was the first to

discover the silent joy of the City's asphalt when all other traffic had gone to bed. Now those machines are "scrapped," the costumes given to the moths, and M. Hamel flies round her topmost turrets instead of whirling and wheeling round about their base.

New Wars of the Roses. Even mono-planes do not modernise

Warwick Castle; they accentuate its ancient aspect, just as the fairness and unassailable youth of its Countess have been wont to do. "That vast, sombre, and almost terrifying house, in whose rooms one seems a pigmy," wrote a guest of old. "I kept thinking that the portrait of Charles I.



TO MARRY ON THE 17TH: MISS WINIFRED LUCIE CARPENTER AND MR. GEORGE CHARLES KNIGHT CLOWES.

Miss Carpenter is the third daughter of Canon Carpenter, Precentor of Salisbury Cathedral. Mr. Clowes is the eldest son of Mr. W. C. Knight Clowes, of 31, Cranley Gardens.

Photographs by Swaine.

the beholder from afar. When Lady Ilchester took her place in the stalls for "Peggy," the other night, the least experienced Gaiety man and woman made sure of the real splendour of her necklace; and when she swayed a little—perhaps under the influence of Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Payne—the shimmer of those strings intercepted many glances meant for the stage. If in a theatre the real thing is known immediately, it is not easy to understand the complexities in which sober and experienced judgment so often finds itself astray.

A Commanding Clubman.

One of the busiest men of the moment is Lord Cheylesmore. His command of the troops from overseas is essentially one of peace, but a command in time of war could hardly be more bustling with business. Twice Mayor of Westminster, he knows his ground thoroughly; a coaching enthusiast, he is no tyro in traffic regulations; a first-rate authority on the regimental history and etiquette, he can settle offhand many a detail that would keep other men in argument for a whole afternoon at the War Office. What he may not otherwise have learned about London and the route he has observed from those points of vantage, the window seats in Pratt's, the Turf, the Bachelors', or half-a-dozen other clubs.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEOFFREY GREGSON ON THE 14TH: MISS POWELL. Miss Powell, who is to marry Captain Geoffrey Gregson, R.F.A., is the daughter of Mrs. E. Powell, of Goodwyns Place, Dorking.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

HER DEAREST FRIEND.



"WHAT AN AWFUL PICTURE — AND ISN'T IT LIKE HER?"

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIRF.



Mlle. CATRINA GELTZER.

IT is an article of faith among managers in the music-hall world that, unless an artist has a name which is known to his public, he or she will not draw. Never was a more fallacious doctrine put forward. Were proof of the fallacy needed, it is only necessary to look at the extraordinary vogue which individual Russian dancers enjoy in London at the moment. Every one of them came with a name unknown to the public. To-day their names are among those of the most attractive of all artists, and they are ruling the great houses of the West End. There is Mme. Kyasht at the Empire; there are Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin at the Palace; there were, until Saturday, the Russian dancers at the Hippodrome; there are the Russian dancers who are coming to the Opera House; and last, but by no means least, there is Mlle. Geltzer at the Alhambra. In one night she established her pre-eminence as a Star Turn.

Like all the other famous Russian dancers, her training began in the early days of her childhood. She came to her chosen calling under the happiest auspices, for her father was the most celebrated mime of the Imperial Theatre in Moscow. It was he who taught Mr. Mordkin that difficult but expressive art, and he likewise taught his daughter. Indeed, Mlle. Geltzer and Mr. Mordkin entered the Imperial School at about the same time; they went through it together; they made their debut within a short time of each other; and they soon became partners and danced together the whole of the leading rôles in the repertoire of the Imperial Theatre.

Unlike most artists, Mlle. Geltzer was not content with the consummate teaching she got in Moscow, and became for a time the pupil of the celebrated Professor Jogansohn, of St. Petersburg, to get some finishing lessons from him. While, possibly, the general public would fail to see the influence which that teacher exercised on her art, Mlle. Geltzer herself appreciates it highly, for it enables her to execute those delicate nuances of movement which are the delight of the artist who is a connoisseur of his art.

The title of *ballerina* which Mademoiselle Geltzer enjoys is, in its way, as distinctive as a University degree. In Russia the dancer must prove her ability to reach a certain standard of excellence in classical dancing, in character dancing, and in miming before she can write that magic word after her name. If she obtains distinction in only one of these branches of her art, she may be a *première danseuse*, but a *ballerina*—never! On the programme of the Alhambra, Mlle. Geltzer queens it as *ballerina assoluta*, for she is the first of her class in the Imperial Theatre, Moscow, and as such can lay claim to all the leading rôles. This position is not unattended with drawbacks of its own, and occasionally leads to more than ordinarily hard work. Thus, on one occasion, the management determined to create a record by producing five ballets in one week. Although they were dancing

other ballets at night, Mlle. Geltzer and Mr. Mordkin, who was then her cavalier, studied "La Fille de Faron," "Bayaderke," "Raimonda," "Le Lac des Cygnes," and "Salambo," and danced them all to perfection within the allotted time. It was a record which created a great furore.

During her present engagement there will, unfortunately, be no opportunity for Mlle. Geltzer to be seen in any of these ballets at the Alhambra. Some idea, however, of what she did in one scene of "Salambo" may be gained by those who see her in "The Dance Dream," in the third scene of which she does, in the wonderfully vivid and vital wardrobe, a dance somewhat in the style of one of those in that celebrated production. It was this dance, it will be remembered by readers of *The Sketch*, which was put on specially so that Mr. Mordkin might dance in it with Mlle. Geltzer. It will not be seen on the stage of the Imperial Theatre of Moscow until 1913, when these two devoted comrades in art will once again be seen together. Since Mr. Mordkin's departure from Moscow, Mlle. Geltzer's art has maintained the supremacy of the ballet, and she has been partnered by M. Tichomiroff, the accomplished dancer with the Apollo-like physique who is her cavalier at the Alhambra, and is also the *régisseur* of the Imperial Theatre, Moscow.

The esteem in which Mlle. Geltzer is held in her own country may be judged by the fact that every year she receives a special invitation to dance on the stage of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg. Although the performance of the ballet ordinarily begins in Moscow at eight o'clock, on the night on which she has to start for the capital the curtain rises half-an-hour earlier, that she may catch the night train; but the theatre is just as full as it is when the performance begins later, and is, if anything, more enthusiastic. In St. Petersburg Mlle. Geltzer danced with M. Tichomiroff before the Tsar, who has marked his appreciation of her art by the bestowal of many gifts. Paris, too, has acclaimed her, and only a short time ago she received a gold palm from the Academy of Dancing in that city; while Berlin (where she has appeared before the Kaiser), Brussels (where she appeared before the King of the Belgians), and Monte Carlo have offered no less equally conclusive tributes of admiration.

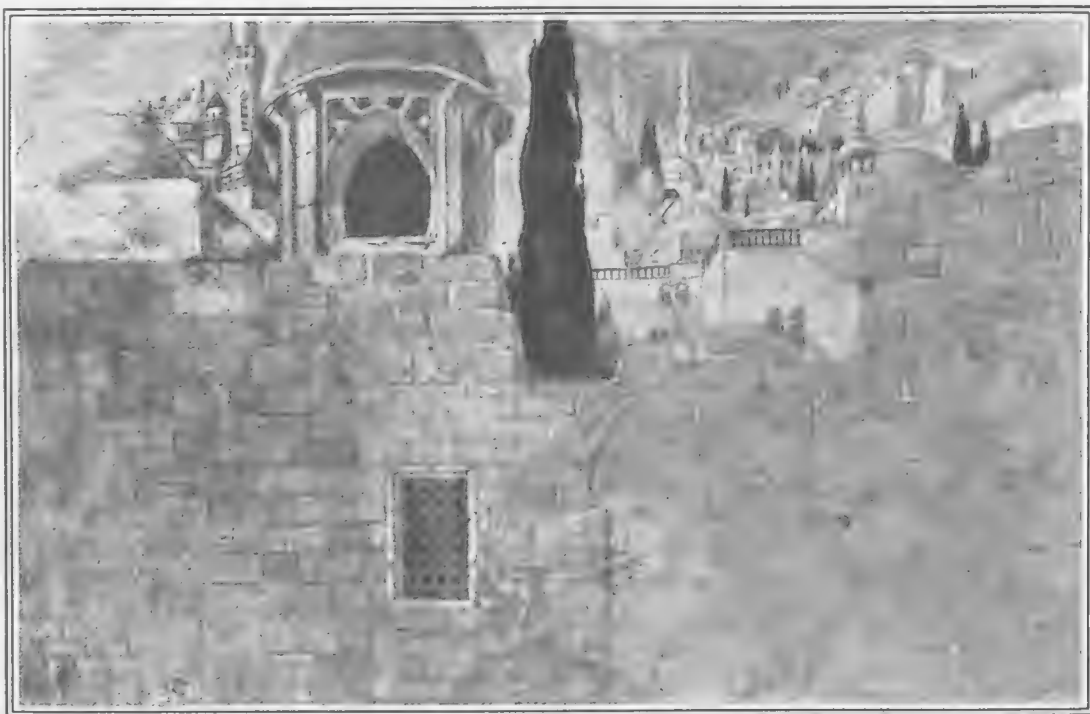
When great dancers appear, the utmost care is naturally exercised lest any accident should befall them. Once, however, Mlle. Geltzer was nearly the victim of a serious catastrophe. She was dancing a butterfly dance, and the stage was lighted with candles. She fluttered too near one of them, and her gauze wings caught fire. She was unaware for the moment until she saw the reflection of the flames in a mirror, which formed part of the furniture of the stage. The next moment several members of the ballet dashed forward and tore the burning chiffon from her back.



OF THOSE WHO TURN PRESUMPTUOUS BEGGAR-MEN TO STONE: ONE OF THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

When certain beggars of Kongros pose as the gods of the mountain of Marma, those gods come into the city to punish the impostors by turning them into stone, thus unwittingly giving them greater glory among the people.

From the Drawing by S. H. Sime.



A SCENE FOR A DUNSANY PLAY: "THE EAST, A CITY WALL," IN "THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN."

The association of Lord Dunsany and Mr. S. H. Sime at the Haymarket should be particularly interesting to those of our readers who remember the work of the same two in "The Book of Wonder," published recently in "The Sketch."

From the Design by S. H. Sime.

DUNSANYISM: WHEN THE GREEN GODS CAME TO KONGROS.

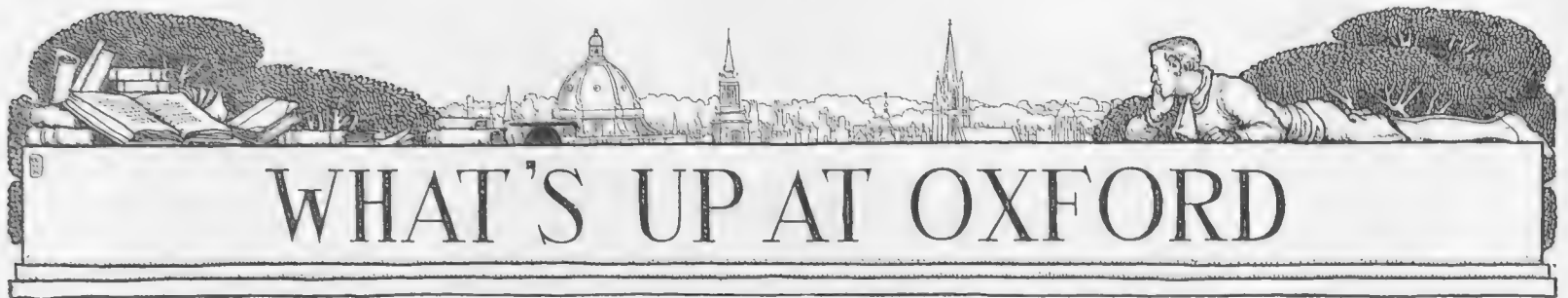
"THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN," AT THE HAYMARKET.



1. ONE OF THE SEVEN GREEN JADE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN OF MARMA (MR. E. LYALL SWETE).

2. THE TRUE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN TURN THE USURPING BEGGARS INTO STONE—AND ENSURE THEIR IMMORTALITY AND WORSHIP.

Into the City of Kongros come a party of cunning beggars. They have seen the seven green jade gods of the Mountain of Marma, and have noted the adoration they receive. Envy and desire for ease enter into them, and they determine to masquerade as the gods come down from the mountain. The people believe in them, but their joy is incomplete, for there is the fear that someone will climb the slopes and find the gods in their accustomed places. In point of fact, dromedary men do this. But the gods have vanished; so the masquerading beggars are held in higher reverence than before. It happens, however, that they are not as lucky as they think, for the gods are absent from the mountain because they are on their way to Kongros to punish the offending mortals. Entering the city, they turn the beggars into stone—so, by the irony of the worlds, the impostors' position as gods is assured for ever.



WHAT'S UP AT OXFORD

By THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

The Weather. We are beginning to wonder what has happened to his Excellency the Clerk of the Weather. It is always expected that the hosts of visitors should come prepared for Eights Week "with their stout galoshes and their macintoshes"; rain, rain, and once more rain, is the portion of the Englishman here below, and particularly the portion of the Englishman when he is on holiday. And yet Jupiter Pluvius has stayed his hand, and we have had such a spell of glorious weather as even the most optimistic would have hardly dared to hope for. I suppose that the farmers will be grumbling, and that the umbrella-makers will be telling us that "umbrellas are going"; but for the ordinary mortal these sunny days are very delightful. Even the thunderstorm, which I gather from the papers wrought sad havoc in London, passed us by with only a growl or two, as if it gruffly refused to spoil sport, and only rumbled to let us know what gratitude we owed for its self-restraint.

Eights Week. Thanks largely to the weather, Eights Week passed off as successfully as it ever has done. The standard of rowing, as I ventured to prophesy, was not very high, but that is a very unimportant item in the programme. New College, at all events, were an extremely good crew, and thoroughly deserved to go head of the river; would that merit were always so happily rewarded in this weary world! I dare not venture upon technical details, or attempt, as a layman, to criticise. Our rowing correspondent, writing of some of the boats, says, "It would be unkind to talk of the other crews, as even the best thing which could be said of them would be unprintable." That being so, the outsider may well refrain from putting his head into the hornets' nest of criticism. We can only heave a silent prayer of thanks to heaven that, for once, it has sent its rain neither upon the just nor upon the unjust.

Lord Curzon at the Union. With Eights Week over, the main excitement of the term is gone. For some of us there remains the grim interest of the Schools, while others are awaiting "Commem." and all its festivities. The visit of Lord Curzon to open the new Union buildings was a great success. Ex-Presidents from the Palæolithic Age onwards came up to grace the proceedings with their presence, and the ceremony was most impressive. I understand that the stewards had great difficulty in keeping the ladies from making a rush at the viands which were provided for the ex-Presidents, and that the standing committee has been considerably annoyed by the fact that its members were forced to pay for their own luncheon. Committees have a way of taking all they can get, and it was felt that a luncheon at the society's expense would have been only an ordinary perquisite. Probably the society would have felt otherwise. Lord Curzon's speech was a happy combination

of banter and seriousness, and his avoidance of the platitudes of party politics was an act of mercy for which his audience was heartily grateful.

Visitors from Cambridge.

In the evening, we had the pleasure of welcoming our visitors from the Cambridge Union Society at the debate. These interchanges from term to term are a very pleasant feature of the society's existence, and this evening was no exception. We were discussing, as we have often discussed before, and as we shall doubtless discuss many times again, whether the British nation

is degenerating. It is an interminable question with an infinitude of answers. We have given the great British people a new lease of life by affirming, by a majority of four, that they are not degenerate. I trust that the great British people is duly thankful for the compliment.

All-England v. O.U.L.T.C. It was a joy to watch

the All-England v. O.U.L.T.C. match, though its result was hardly flattering to us. Tennis seems to be quite a

different game when it is played as it should be, and some of us are seriously considering whether the undignified gymnastics through which we go in our efforts to get the ball over the net and within the right court should not be characterised by some other name to emphasise the difference.

Colonial Premiers at Oxford.

By the time that these lines appear in print, the Colonial Premiers will have paid their visit to Oxford. Many great and many famous men have visited Oxford in order to receive their degrees *honoris causa*, but it may safely be said that none will have been more welcome than these representatives of our Dominions over the seas. Whether we put up flags on Empire Day, whether we know our Kipling as every true Imperialist (with a large "I") should, or whether we prefer not to shout our love for the Empire from the housetops, we are all very proud of the great Empire of which we form a small part, and we in Oxford are honoured by this visit of the men of the new countries to a city that is famous for the antiquity of its buildings, its politics, and its jokes.

The Schools. The thought of Schools grows ever

more and more oppressive as the days go by. Some of us are flying to the country for a brief

rest, before facing the ordeal; others of us are content to spend the midnight oil, giving one last, lingering glance at the books that we hate so heartily. May the weather be cool; and may the Examiners, as they are strong, so be merciful: for "it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

G. ELLIOTT DODDS.



FOR THE FLIGHTY UNDERGRAD: THE PORT MEADOW AVIATION SCHOOL, AT OXFORD, AT WHICH UNDERGRADUATES MAY RECEIVE INSTRUCTION IN AVIATION.



WHAT'S UP?—AT OXFORD: AN UNDERGRADUATE AS PUPIL AT THE PORT MEADOW AVIATION SCHOOL.

Photographs by Barratt.

WONDERFUL, AND AGAIN WONDERFUL.



THE VISITOR: And how is the poor sufferer?

THE NURSE (conscious of the "difficult" nature of the patient): I'm quite well, thank you!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



ZIBA THE MORMON.*

ZIBA WAYNE was a naughty person. He stood in the way as Jacinth Abbott walked in it—"like some wonderful vision of all-conquering manhood. He was tall, well proportioned, and she fancied the sunlight played round his figure as if to give it a touch of divinity." He said to her: "Do not fear to talk with me. I have been sent to you with a message of salvation. I am an instrument destined to hold the keys of restoration for the renovation of the world."



WITH SHOT-WOUND ON THE RIGHT OF THE FACE, SAID TO BE A CAST TAKEN OF ROBESPIERRE'S HEAD AFTER EXECUTION, BY MME. TUSSAUD'S UNCLE, CHRISTOPHER CURTIUS.

It is asserted that the cast, said to be that of Robespierre's head after execution, which has been exhibited in the Musée Carnavalet for some while, is not, in fact, genuine, and it is argued that the real cast is that which is in Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition. This is said to have been made by Mme. Tussaud herself. A replica of it has been offered to the French nation and has been accepted.—

Photograph by Delius.

(Continued below.)

not expound to them at length. His method was more daring, after the manner of his brain. He "raised the dead." The quotation marks are necessary. A gipsy mother brought him her babe. "The child was wrapped in a sheet, and one cold white hand fell from the shroud-like covering. . . . Ziba took the corpse from the mother's arms, and laid it on the ground in the midst of the assembly. . . . 'This innocent babe,' he cried, 'shall be restored to life, if those who witness the miracle of restoration will swear to believe from this day forth in the Mormon faith. . . . Oh, child, live once more! Nerveless body, receive animation. Will those assembled cry aloud 'Hallelujah!' . . . The child's eyes opened, shut, and opened again. Then, lifting him up with a smile of triumph, Ziba handed the awakened boy to the astonished gipsy woman." So was Jacinth finally converted. She could not see behind the scenes. "No sooner were his young dupes out of sight than Ziba hurried to the gipsy camp, and signed to the child's mother to join him. 'Here is the remainder of the money,' he said, 'which I promised to give you when your work was completed. Perhaps you will believe now that there is no danger in mesmerism. You will find the child you allowed me to hypnotise none the worse for his unnatural sleep.'"

Thus it came about that Jacinth jilted the loving Basil, her affianced, and, permitting her father and mother to think that she was going to Germany ("the country which Mormon teachers may not enter") as governess, went to London to join Ziba, that she might wed him. Ziba took her out to dine and to the theatre. At the dinner, he said to her, "However dramatic the play may prove to-night, it cannot equal the wonderful Mormon dramas which take place at the Endowment House in Utah, when candidates present themselves for initiation." Then he talked strangely.

"What happens next?" she asked, revealing that he had captured her interest. "Oh, many strange scenes, enacted in a chamber where rich curtains, gorgeous carpets, boxes of flowering shrubs, pictured mountains, and painted fountains are delicately suffused by rays of heavenly light. Here Adam and Eve are seen partially unclothed. But for prejudice, they should be entirely stripped, as were our first parents. Unfortunately, even godly Mormon people are not yet sufficiently pure-minded to make this advisable. It might be used against us, so we err on the safe side. Our first parents are seen wandering in the garden, where the devil appears, attired in knee-breeches, a short black-velvet jacket, wearing a pointed helmet and satanic mask. He proffers temptation to Eve, and she partakes of the fruit, giving it, as in the Bible, to the weak Adam. . . . 'What is all this leading up to?' said Jacinth. 'It is a preliminary,' Ziba answered quickly, 'to the candidates (who are given small white aprons covered with emblematical fig-leaves) joining in a solemn oath repeated after Adam on their knees. . . .'" And so to the play. Ziba and Jacinth sat in the dress-circle. Behind them was a detective, employed by the jilted Basil. "During one of the intervals Ziba . . . whispered that his feverish love gave him an actual physical thirst. He must leave her to assuage that bodily craving, not adding that his enslavement to tobacco also called him from her side." Then came the detective's turn. He spoke to Jacinth in a "quick whisper," and gave her a crimson handkerchief, bidding her hang it outside her window for Basil to see from the house opposite if she were in any trouble or detained against her will; also he handed her his card. "Mechanically she concealed both card and handkerchief in a petticoat pocket." Therein she was wise.

There came a day on which she heard a plot. Ziba and an Elder and another arranged a death for Ziba's jealous

wife Hester—a drug to induce sleep, then a turning-on of gas, the finding of a letter, an inquest, and a verdict of suicide. The Elder and the other decided that Jacinth, too, should die. Was it not lucky that she overheard—and that she had the handkerchief? Feigning to have fallen under the influence of the drug in lemonade she contrived to conceal (to be used in evidence against), she was able to fly her crimson flag of distress. The raid that followed had as its consequence not only the saving of the two women, but the capture of the men. On the wedding-day of Basil and Jacinth, Ziba swallowed enough prussic acid to kill ten men—and died. Total result of it all in happiness—the return of Jacinth to her family and her old love, and Mr. Abbott shocked from paralysis to movement by the arrival of a Mormon missionary who would convert his wife in his own parlour.



WITH SHOT-WOUND ON THE LEFT OF THE FACE, SAID TO BE THE AUTHENTIC CAST OF ROBESPIERRE'S HEAD TAKEN AFTER EXECUTION, BY MME. TUSSAUD—A REPLICA OF WHICH GOES TO PARIS.

(Continued.)
—It will be noted that the cast now at the Carnavalet shows the shot-wound on the right-hand side of the face, whereas the Tussaud cast shows it on the left—that is, on what is said to be the correct side. Meantime, it must be noted that as many seem to believe in the one mask as in the other.

Photograph by Topical.

THE INSULT.



A "ZOO" TRAGEDY: THE KING OF BEASTS AND THE MONKEY-NUT.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



AN ATONEMENT.

By MARIAN BOWER.

THE man who called himself Pierre Chabot rose to his feet, and with an instinctive movement of self-preservation pulled himself farther into the shadow of the mud wall which had once, after the spasmodic manner of things in general in a Moorish town, been whitewashed, but which, blistered high up by the sun, bespattered low down by the mud, now presented a dishevelled, piebald appearance. The man's first thought was to tell himself that he still lived and sharply following that came the reflection that it might have been better for him—more merciful—had he been killed when his comrades fell.

Pierre Chabot belonged to the French Foreign Legion. A detachment from that regiment had been sent—in the scornful way in which the white man does send one of his own colour to fight against a thousand with darker skins—to punish the Moorish town of Al-ajabh for a more than usually ferocious lapse from the rules of civilisation. The little force had found Al-ajabh prepared for them. The city gate was shut, the inhabitants were yelling out defiance from within, the encircling walls were decorated with the disjointed members of the man they had come to avenge.

Pierre Chabot and four spirits as reckless as he had volunteered to blow up the town gate. They had not only succeeded, but under cover of the dust and falling masonry they had penetrated into the long straight street which ran first to the Slave Market, and then on to the square where the stone-built water-cisterns were guarded by the white, low-domed tomb of a particularly holy Marabout. The idea had been to seize these cisterns, vital to the life of the town. But before the Frenchmen could be reinforced they were all killed but Pierre Chabot, who made a dash into a side alley. There a blow felled him and he was left for dead, while the mêlée by the gate filled the hot African air with discordant noises.

As soon as he came to himself again Pierre knew that he could not hope to have the alley, with the high, windowless walls of the dwelling-houses, almost equalling in height those walls which surrounded the town, to himself for long. He looked up the narrow way, which had the effect, as far as his vision was concerned, of a funnel ending in a round, high light, and he thought he saw a black form creep across the whiteness. If he were right, it meant that some loiterer, of whom there are always dozens sitting on the shady side of the street in every Moorish town, had seen the Frenchman rise, and had crept off to give the alarm.

Pierre looked round to select the most suitable spot for his last stand. His life would have to go; but he meant to sell it dearly, not so much—he thought—because he valued it as because these Moors must be made to learn that a Frank was indeed a man, even with all the odds against him.

As he selected a corner where two walls coming together made any but a frontal attack impossible, he saw a door open. He had not noticed that there was a door so close to him—first, because it shared the prevalent tints of the walls; secondly, because he had not had a moment in which to look about him. Now, wondering what would issue from it, he saw it being slowly drawn back as though it were very heavy and required an effort; and then he saw, plainly visible in a long, narrow line of velvet darkness, a hand—a white hand. Pierre Chabot watched it. A woman had once played a prominent part in his life, to his entire undoing. Since then he had grouped all women under one head and had avoided them as the manifestation of evil. Now, when he expected that his end was upon him, it was a woman's hand that he saw before him, and he knew that a woman was beckoning to him.

With that strangely concentrated power of rapid deduction which comes to some natures in moments of emergency, Pierre Chabot debated whether it would be better to obey the signal or to remain where he was. Already he could hear a yelling. He knew, if he could see now to the end of his funnel, the light at the mouth of it would be obscured by a mob who were coming to take his life. One alternative presented no chance of salvation; the other a chance, however small.

The man who had thought that he did not much care how the matter ended suddenly knew that he wanted to live. The next moment he slid out of his corner, and, pressing himself against the wall, he came to the door. It opened to receive him—shut. Accustomed as he was to the large size of Moorish bolts, he knew as he heard these on this door grate home that they must be unusually strong even for a country where habitual insecurity had taught the inhabitants to take all possible precautions.

Pierre Chabot stood waiting for what was to come next. For the second time the last thing that he had anticipated followed.

"You are safe for the present," a voice said—and said the words in French.

The soldier started. There was something in this voice which seemed like an echo heard from very far away. The next moment he supposed that it was merely that he was hearing his mother tongue in such strange surroundings. He began, coming back to the thought of self-preservation, to try to feel for a wall that he might get his back up against it. As if the woman knew what he was doing, she spoke again.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," she said. "Not even my old Moorish servant who is cooking in the courtyard—I think she is faithful, but I have shut the door—must know you are here. I will take you up into the tower. There is light there."

Chabot had no alternative but to obey. With his revolver grasped in his right hand, he placed his left on the woman's shoulder. He felt her go along a few steps. He knew enough of family arrangements among the native population to be sure that he was crossing the low, vaulted slit of passage which always separates the door into the street from a second door leading to that courtyard on to which the women's apartments look. Then he came to stone steps, began to go up them. It was still quite dark, and as Pierre wound his way round and round he counted. Very soon he knew he must be ascending one of those square towers which rise up, occasionally, from the better class of house in a Moorish town. He asked himself, with an anxiety which grew with every turn, if this were not an elaborate trap—if he would not have done better to take his chance in the open.

The question was anxiously under debate when he knew that he was at the top. The woman pushed open a door.

"*Entrez*," she said.

With that there followed a flood of high, bright light. Pierre was dazzled for the moment—staggered. He half-stumbled into a square, stone-walled chamber, with openings under the tiles for air and light looking in all four directions. The centre of the floor was bare; under the windows (if windows they could be called) were low seats; on them were wide, flat cushions (one of the cushions was still pressed down, as if someone had kneeled on it to look out); there was a singular absence of all those trifles which collect in a European room, and yet with the first glance Pierre knew that this was not the home of a Moor.

"*Merci*, Madame," he was beginning as he looked back . . . Then he wheeled round. He stood staring, speechless.

His eyes, eyes that blazed a question, they were so urgent, stared at the woman who had brought him up to the tower. Yet she was no longer very young, and if she had once been beautiful—it seemed probable—her face was worn; not, it was somehow apparent, with the effects of the climate, not with the sudden loss that had put her all into the black in which she was clad, but from a daily, hourly friction.

The woman was looking as hard at the soldier as he was looking at her.

The struggle between the French and the Moors was proceeding by the gate; the mob were yelling in the streets, searching for the Christian or his body, yet these two, who knew what such things might end in, as no man, as no woman, staying quietly at home ever does, forgot the fight raging without. They were looking at each other as if they two—the soldier who belonged to a corps where each man is said to have a history, where every second man is said to be a desperado; and she a woman who was no longer in her first youth, whose face told of a past in which happiness had played but a small part, or no part at all—were holding each other with their eyes, as if the great world held nothing but the two of them, as if the only thing that mattered was what they might have to say one to the other.

At length, after a pause, when the measure of time had small relation to what was pressed into it, the soldier began.

"You are Jeanne Lacaille," he said.

"I was," answered the woman. "You are—?"

"They call me Pierre Chabot in the Legion," the soldier answered, and he laughed drily.

"But," persisted the woman, "you were—"

The man's eyes narrowed as he looked at her.

"I was, Jeanne Lacaille," he muttered—"you know who I was."

(Continued overleaf.)

HAT TRICKS !



THE FIRST LEADER OF FASHION : I 'spose you've 'eard the Court ain't 'avin no truck wiv 'obble skirts an' big 'ats?

THE SECOND : Yus, well, I can't stick 'obbles meself. But I shouldn't think they'd call this 'at too big; not as they're wearin' 'em now—'ud you?



LADY BEHIND (gazing at the hat of the passer-by and speaking very audibly to her friend) : Must a' bin quite a fit-rate jumble sale—
'spose that's w'y we didn't 'ear of it.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"Yes," she answered. "You were—you were Pierre Marchand."

"You have said it," the soldier answered, and he seemed to bite at the words as he formed them.

The two waited again. The woman's eyes went down on to the tiled floor. The high room, with the full glare of the sun on it as it began to mount high in the heavens, was stiflingly hot. The soldier stood before her, his hand always on his revolver.

The noise in the street, the yelling, the execrations penetrated even to this room in the tower.

"They are looking for you," said the woman. "You must have been seen near here. When they cannot find you in the street, they will think of this house—they will come here the first."

"Why?" asked the soldier sternly.

"Because," answered the other, "they will recollect that a white woman lives here."

"And then?" demanded Pierre Chabot.

"They will storm the house."

The man and the woman were silent again. They had a few moments—perhaps a very few, perhaps a few more—while the mob beat up and down the lane. Then would come the assault. Even if the Legion, fighting inch by inch, succeeded in storming every house which was held against them, there was time for this massacre in a side alley.

"What made you open the door to me?" Pierre jerked out.

"You were a Frenchman. You wore the uniform. I wanted to do something for France before——"

"Before?" thrust in Pierre.

"Before the end," she who had been Jeanne Lacaille answered.

"Before what end?" Pierre persisted.

He was not answered. The woman drew a little away from him. She stood, her shoulders bent as though with a burden, her eyes the eyes of a hunted animal. Before her mind flitted a review of the past: the marriage which had brought her to this Moorish town; the husband who seemed to have released a slave when he died—his functions as the representative of France had been passed over to the man whose severed limbs rotted on the walls. So far she, Jeanne, had been overlooked. For years she had lived in such seclusion that she might have been mistaken for a native woman. Knowing the rising feeling against her country, she had hoped to escape before the town and its Caliph remembered her. Then had come the sudden attack of the Legion. That had seemed to her to seal her doom. In a panic of fear—determined at least not to be taken alive—she had hurried into the tower. Her very alarm had compelled her to look out. She had seen the Frenchman in the street. One of her own countrymen. Alone—alone in Al-ajabh, in the Al-ajabh she knew so well.

With the hope of doing one worthy thing before the end, she had hurried down and unbarred her door.

"I did not know it was you," she exclaimed aloud to the soldier.

"If you had known it was I?" Pierre demanded.

"It may be I should not have dared," she answered brokenly.

"Then," Pierre hissed, "then——"

The woman understood. "Yes," she confessed, "it was I; and you, since you are here, are still suffering for the punishment of my sin."

Pierre Chabot raised his arm. The revolver was in his hand. It seemed as if he were thinking of shooting down this woman—she unarméd—who had brought him there.

"Yes," she went on, regardless of the weapon, "you were Lieutenant Marchand, I was the Major's daughter. Some regimental money was missing from my father's desk. Suspicion fell on you. You were dismissed the regiment. Did you ever think that I had taken it?"

"I knew you had," Pierre answered. "I saw you going into the Major's room. I saw you come out. Do you know what your face said for me to read?"

"And yet," breathed the woman, "you kept still. Why?"

The sun was growing hotter and hotter, the voices crying without were gathering fierceness. Now and then came the sharp crack of a musket, and each time it was answered with a yet louder yelling.

"The mob," said this woman in the tower, "are coming back. They have remembered. Why did you keep silence then?"

"Because," flung out Pierre Chabot, "I loved Jeanne Lacaille."

The woman heard.

"And I married Alphonse Moulvet," she muttered.

She seemed to draw back before what she had done—before what she might have done.

"The mob will be here quickly now," she went on.

Pierre Chabot understood. She was telling him that after all these years she was to pay.

The soldier stood silent. For one moment the din in the street ceased to be din to him; it became the voice of justice pronouncing a long-deferred sentence. Then he looked at the face he had once loved as a man loves but a single time in his life.

He saw it exactly as it was now. But then he knew exactly how he looked himself. But for Jeanne Lacaille he might have served his time as other men did, he might have married, retired. He might have had a daughter of his own, a *a jeune fille à marier* in her turn. That thought made him shoot out a sharp question.

"Your children?" he demanded.

"I have never had any."

Pierre Chabot turned away.

"I was always glad," said Madame Moulvet after him, "that I never had any."

Again Pierre understood. She was telling him that her punishment had not waited until now to begin.

The shouts were directly beneath the tower now. One word came persistently shrill, harsh, cruel: "Allah! Allah!"

These Moors were crying what their fathers had cried for generations before them, when the Crescent thirsted for the blood of the Cross.

Pierre knew that indeed the end was not far off. It must either be the Legion to the rescue or death.

He went to the opening at the left hand of the tower; he mounted on the bench and stood looking out on the side farthest from the alley. He listened attentively. The musketry fire was well sustained. The Legion was advancing. He calculated that the French force must be in the Slave Market by now. From there the band would spread out to subdue the mob in the alleys. If his countrymen could but be directed to this particular house! All the other dwellings in the whole of Al-ajabh could wait but just this one. To this one they must come first if they were to be in time. The bronzed, set-faced man stood with the sun pouring on to him, with the sky cloudlessly, metallically blue above him; with the ravens, which had been disturbed from their home on the Marabout's tomb, circling distractedly among the towers of the town; with the heat shimmering in the stillness until it seemed a thing which could not only be felt but be seen as well. Did he want the Legion to be in time? After all, did he want deliverance? Deliverance would mean the saving of Jeanne as well as of himself. Could he bear to go on with life, knowing that he had spoken to her again, knowing that she was free, that she had suffered?

The next moment he came back to her.

"If we could but show that we are here?" he said.

"I have a French flag," she answered, and she produced it. Pierre contrived to hang it out of the window on the side nearest to the Slave Market. It fell limp in the heavy air, and then, unfolding, showed the striped red, white, and blue.

But the mob in the alley was yelling more fiercely than ever.

"They are going to break in the door," Jean whispered.

Pierre nodded.

"They will come up here," she went on.

"One can hold the stairs against a hundred," he answered, "as long as the ammunition lasts—as long," he repeated between his teeth, "as the ammunition lasts."

He placed himself in position that he might shoot as soon as the first dusky form appeared round the angle of the steps.

He could hear, Jeanne could hear, the thundering rain of blows. In a little there would come a crash, a yell and then—the Legion or the end.

"Look out," said Pierre, "see if the flag waves, or if it hangs down in a heap."

Jeanne obeyed.

"The flag is outspread," she answered as she came back.

Pierre Chabot looked at her. She was calm; she made no moan. She demanded nothing of him, she asked him no foolish questions. Then he suddenly seemed to realise that all the bitterness of his life, all its hardships, all its disappointments had been to this end, that in her extremity he might be here to die with or to save the woman he had loved.

The bitter rebellion that had been a part of each of his days was quelled. This stifling room became a place apart where he might do his utmost for Jeanne Lacaille, who, after all these years, depended on him, and on him alone. Pierre Chabot turned to the worn-faced woman. There was a look in his eyes, on his face, which there was no mistaking.

Jeanne when she saw it fell on her knees. She lifted her hands, lifted them to heaven, lifted them with an overwhelming thankfulness.

The din in the streets was louder than ever. If the Legion had not seen the flag of France, others of the mob had, and were hurrying to reinforce the surging mass hammering on the stout door. That door alone stood between this white man—between, worse still, this white woman and the pitiless fanatics.

But Jeanne heeded neither the Moor nor his battle-cry. Pierre Chabot was by her; Pierre Chabot was close to her.

The soldier stood looking at her, and then he heard a crash.

The door had given way!

"Jeanne," he cried, even as he hastened to take his place, "I can die now; I can die as well as you, as contentedly as you."

Jeanne understood.

The noise below rose louder, fiercer. In one moment—in two, at the most!

"Jeanne!" cried Pierre again.

This time also she understood. She rose. She hastened to him. He held her in his arms, he held her head by his. He thought he heard the rush below; he put her behind him.

Then, in the very house itself, cracking into the narrow passage, sounded the crash of musketry.

The Legion had seen the signal; the Legion had got there in time.

Pierre Chabot was to live; Jeanne, the woman he loved, was to live.

He put out his hands to her.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Seen at Prestwick. "Well; what did you see?" is the first question that all one's golfing friends ask on one's return from a championship meeting, and the object of this interrogation is not to gain a description of how the winner won and how the loser lost. The inquisitive people think there must be things seen at the championship that can never be seen at any other

time, that the bags of the competitors must bristle with novelties and strange ideas in clubs, after the manner of novelties of other kinds that make their appearance at shows at Olympia and the Agricultural Hall. A minute ago I set forth to ridicule this suggestion, but I perceive on reflection that there is much reason in it. There is no regular exhibition there, but still the championship is a time of meeting, of talking, and testing, and one does see things there and all together that one never sees at other times; and it is curious to notice how, to a certain extent, fashions go with districts. For example, the Scots at Prestwick, as at other times and places, were generally simpler in most matters than the Southern players. In general they had small bags and comparatively few clubs in them. Commonly they had only three wooden ones, and a bare sufficiency of irons. At the other extreme were some of the prominent Midland players, who had bigger caddie-bags than any others I had ever seen—enormous things into which one might put the caddie, if a very young one, as well as the clubs; and the variety of instruments that these golfing artists equipped themselves with was wonderful. Another player who was not of this section had eight wooden clubs in his pack, which is several more than James Braid needs to win the open championship with. The young American, Mr. Charles Evans—who is quite as good as we thought he was, and is really good enough to win the championship—had

and admitted that, by some means which were largely mysterious to him, he had of late put a good thirty yards on to his drive. He is too experienced a golfer to attach much importance in such matters to new clubs; but he could not help observing that the increased length dated from the time he had adopted a new driver which, as he told me, has no distinguishing feature that

he is aware of, except that it has a bulger face, the said face being on the small side rather than on the other. Writing of wooden clubs, one should mention that Mr. Hilton, the winner, was making very free, and certainly very effective, use of that famous old spoon of his, which has probably done greater service in championship contests than any other wooden club. By this time its history and reputation are wonderful. On at least one teeing-ground there was another reminder of the Hilton of old, for at the eighth, in the final, his cap fell off at the finish of his swing. Other golfers' caps do not come off;



THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA:
THE GOLF COURSE IN NYERI.

but Mr. Hilton's began to do so when he was a boy, and, as he says, it has done so many a time since then.

Putters and Putting. Of course there were no Schenectady putters, such being now illegal; but I doubt if there would have been any if the St. Andrews edict against them had never been issued. Something much less clumsy was needed for those terribly keen greens, and very frequently one saw competitors abandoning even their ordinary iron putters in favour of mid-irons for putting purposes, for the sake of the extra loft there was on the latter. Consequently, as one might venture to say, there were very few aluminium putters of the old kind in use, though I noticed that quite a number of players—including nearly all of the Midland section, who seem



TROPICAL GREEN INSTEAD OF A BROWN! A GRASS GREEN OF
THE NYERI LINKS.

A golf course was opened recently in Nyeri, British East Africa. It has nine holes and excellently arranged bunkers. Its grass greens were made possible in the tropical country in which it is placed by the great fertility of the soil. As Edward Terry used to say in one of his parts—"It's all the fertility of the soil!"—[Photographs supplied by Guy S. Baker.]

twelve clubs in his bag, three wooden ones and nine irons; but three of the latter were putters, and he rarely used any but one, an ordinary cleek with a shortened shaft.

The Heads of Drivers.

There were no very new things in drivers to be seen, although it was very much noticed that, in general, the heads and faces, even in the case of stiff-shafted clubs, were appreciably larger than they were a season or two back. In the early stages of the meeting, however, the very long driving of Mr. Robert Harris was very much commented upon. He was one of the only two players—Mr. Mitchell being the other—who, in the international match, carried the ball at the twelfth hole with his second shot, this ball being five hundred yards from the tee. He was much questioned upon the subject,



GOLF IN THE HIGHLANDS—OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA: ON THE LINKS
IN NYERI.

to be quite a distinct and definite school of their own—were using these clubs to run up to the hole with from woolly lies some little distance off the edge of the green. Mr. Hilton was putting with a kind of putter very little used—the "Gem" variety, which has a very narrow and very thick blade, the effect of the narrowness, as one supposes, being to get under the ball to a certain extent and give drag to it. Another thing that was noticed was that Mr. Lassen was still using that very wry-necked mashie that was so conspicuous in his employment when he won the championship at Sandwich three years ago; in fact, at Prestwick he was using it more than ever, and it seems to be his favourite club. Some had suspected beforehand that it would be illegal under the new rule against centre-shafted clubs, but clearly it is not, the bend in the neck being forwards, and not over towards the blade.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE



THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH.

BY MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

SCHOALS of letters every day with foolish Marianne on them sowing against the wind. I never knew I had so many loving friends in France who remembered my new name. The Coronation is bringing them all out like mushrooms after the rain. Some of them I do not know at all; but they tell me they are cousin-german to a girl who used to sit next to me at the literature course in my student days; others that their sister-in-law had her

portrait painted by "Mister your father"; others, again, remind me that we used to meet very often at the same dressmaker's—they learned that I was settled in London, and would I be so amiable as to tell them of a good hotel, not too expensive, and from where one could see the Coronation procession? A few of these correspondents have their address printed on their notepaper, but the majority of them forget to inform me where they perch—quite a French trait this. It is touching how lost they feel, those people, once out of hearing of their native tongue.

At the same time, I am very glad indeed to see that my friends and my would-be friends should long to come to England out of curiosity and to seek

DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF VERULAM AND WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN WRITER AND CRICKETER: LADY ELIZABETH HESKETH-PRICHARD.

Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard, whose marriage to Mr. Hesketh Vernon Hesketh-Prichard, F.R.G.S., took place in 1908, is the fourth of the Earl of Verulam's six daughters. Her three elder sisters are Lady Helen Cassel, wife of Mr. Felix Cassel, K.C., Lady Hermione Buxton, wife of Lieutenant Bernard Buxton, R.N., and Lady Aline Barnett, wife of Mr. Geoffrey Arthur Barnett.

Photograph by Swaine.

pleasure. Once they are here, they will like it; I know they will—not all at once, perhaps, but England grows on one.

A little indented island, not particularly well-favoured, a short spring, a long winter, few flowers, and no nightingales—at least, I never heard them. And on this island a race of wonderful people, who rule half the world. How do they do it? What is the secret of their greatness? They are not specially clever, still less subtle. They are just wonderful big children, with a primitive soul, together with ultra-civilised habits; a people easily amused, easily satisfied (except, perhaps, where material comfort is concerned), who will walk miles to see two little boats and their blue-clad crews shoot past them in, as it would seem, a life-and-death earnestness; grown-up children who will stand for hours in dusty rapture to see a big ball kicked about by other grown-up people; a nation of innocent mentality—simple souls who send one another flowery Christmas cards and nonsensical valentines; children, I tell you, but children who have shaped the world and helped to civilise it.

Method, earnestness, perseverance, have been the three factors which have built their business greatness, but it is with nobler qualities that their prestige was gained and is maintained—the English are an eminently just, generous, and kind-hearted people. This, the greater side of their nature, can only be appreciated by the foreigner, and by the foreigner who has travelled, who is able to differentiate, and to compare the welcome given him here with that he meets in other countries. Or, if he is fair and unprejudiced, he may even look nearer, and the parallel which he may draw between his own country and England will not be to the advantage of the former. A Frenchman or Frenchwoman with a good education and decent manners will very easily make friends—real, lasting, and close

friends—among the English; whereas an English person, a stranger in France, is most likely to remain a stranger indeed, his only social intercourse with French people of his own class being of the slightest and entirely superficial. Speaking generally, the sympathy of the French for the English assumes two shapes. One is the Anglomania due to snobbery, a mere matter of fashion; the second is greed—English visitors are to be humoured, for are they not all rich and generous, and "milords" all? But (still dealing with the generality) there is between the two races no fusion. The English are not understood in France, whereas the French character has long ago been thoroughly fathomed by our British allies. They know us because they have lived amongst us, read our literature, even after the college compulsion, and, speaking for the feminine portion, have worn, lovingly, frocks of undoubted nationality. They know us, and, in spite of our faults, do us the kindness to like us—and then our cooking is not bad. The English have all the more merit in liking us so genuinely that, as a rule, visitors from France, instead of bringing with them well-

filled pockets and the laudable intention of enjoying themselves for the benefit of British traders, come with the fierce determination to make money, to make it rapidly if possible, so as to return and spend it, together with the rest of their lives, in their beloved France. Couturiers, milliners, wine-merchants, teachers, restaurant-keepers, governesses, shoemakers, chefs, and ladies'-maids, they are legion; but where is the wealthy Frenchman of leisure who elected to live in England because he liked it and was happy therein? Perhaps there are a few—it would be interesting to know how few. On the other hand, where is the French hamlet in which some English visitors have not pitched their tents, some for a short holiday, others for life-long? Where



LOSER OF A FINE DIAMOND, SINCE RETURNED TO HIM BY A MESSENGER-BOY: THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANER.

The Maharajah lost the gem from his turban, but was lucky. Scarcely had its loss been notified than a messenger-boy, who had picked it up, returned it to its owner. Needless to say, the lad was fittingly rewarded. The Maharajah, who is in England for the Coronation, is thirty-one. Eleven years ago he was given an honorary commission as Major in the British Army and was attached to the 2nd Bengal Lancers. A year later, at the head of the Bikaner Camel Corps, he served with the British troops against the Boxers; for this he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the K.C.I.E. He was at the Coronation of King Edward VII., and is an A.D.C. to King George.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

is the obscurest, meanest of little country inns that English tourists have not discovered, and rested from their cycling, motor-ing, and walking peregrinations, bringing back with them photographs galore,

and the remembrance of golden omelettes and home-brewed wine? And the Englishman is most easily pleased. He is not inclined, like the Frenchman, to criticise, sometimes justly, more often unjustly, always abundantly, anything and everything which is not exactly such as it is *chez nous*.

I think I will answer all those letters, after all. Let them all come, friends from the country of my birth, and let them learn to love the country of my adoption.



THE ONLY HUNGARIAN GODCHILD OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY: MISS MARY GEORGE VAMBERY, WITH HER MOTHER.

Little Miss Vambery is the granddaughter of Professor Arminius Vambery, the famous Orientalist, who taught Queen Mary when she was a girl. When she was born both her Majesty and the King volunteered to be godparents.—[Photograph by E. Hoppé.]



The Vortex Principle of Flight.

Everyone interested in aviation, whether from an amateur or a professional point of view, should peruse a paper on the Vortex Principle of Flight, by T. A. Dring, published in *Flight* of June 3. Should the article itself prove here and there something too abstruse for the lay mind, the true intent thereof, with the probabilities and possibilities it foreshadows, will be found plainly set forth in the leading article of the same issue. It is, of course, well known that the method of propulsive flight in the case of an aeroplane differs very widely from that of birds, the wing action of which it seems almost impossible effectually to reproduce by means of machinery. Consequently, though efforts have been made to produce wing-flapping machines, the sparse success they have achieved has not encouraged further efforts. But Mr. Dring, in his most interesting article, describes the method of flight employed by Nature in respect to certain insects—such as hawk-moths, bees, flies, and beetles. He terms it rotary wing flight, and characterises it as Nature's complete solution of the problem of flight.

Go to the Gadfly!

In discussing rotary wing flight Mr. Dring reminds us of that familiar object on a hot summer's day, a gadfly poised in the perfectly still air, its motionless body suspended, as it were, by an invisible thread, the wings a mere blur from their rapid motion, and suggests that this insect is obviously employing some different principle of flight from that of the bird or the butterfly. He points out that though this gadfly weighs from five to six hundred times the weight of the air displaced by its body, it can turn sharply, as on a pivot, can dart backwards, and can shoot forward at a speed that the eye cannot follow. It can rise and fall in a directly vertical line, and at any point in its career it can instantly stop its forward motion and resume its position of poise. The flight of the house-fly, the wasp, and the bee is similar—indeed, these insects have complete command of the air in every possible sense of the word, by a principle which needs none of the delicate adjustments involved in flight by motion of translation—that is, the flight of birds by wing-flapping and forward movement.

Capable of Mechanical Imitation.

The crown-interest of Mr. Dring's paper is his suggestion that the principle of insect-flight lends itself to application by modern machinery even more readily than it lends itself to the mechanism of the insect—the muscles and wings. It is pointed out that the wings of insects, so far from flapping or vibrating, actually rotate, and are of such a form that in rotating they create a vortex, the effect of which, in combination with certain other forces which cannot be explained here, produces the wonderful phenomena of insect flight. A model has been made to test the correctness of Mr. Dring's views, one with a three-vane vortex propeller, rotated in the manner of a fly's wings at 1000 rotations per minute, proving completely all the deductions drawn from the observations. It would not be surprising to find a German, American, or French enthusiast providing the necessary funds for the complete practical exploitation of Mr. Dring's

contentions. It is too much to hope that a fellow-countryman or his own Government would provide the needful.

Week-Ends Safe.

The week-end motorist, to say nothing of the small garage-proprietor, who felt much perturbation with regard to the effect of the Shops Bill, may now possess his soul in peace. He may buy petrol, oil, or spares, and garage his car on Sundays without infraction of the law. Sir Henry Cunynghame has assured the automobile world, through the medium of the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, that the Shops Bill will not be construed to affect motor-garages or repairers. Mr. Winston Churchill's reply to Mr. Joynson Hicks in the House only referred to hiring, so that Sir Henry's assurance as to the possibility of purchasing petrol, &c., on Saturdays and Sundays, and of getting one's car in and out of garage when required, is not inopportune. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the wording of the Bill will be so framed that there shall be no doubt on these points, else shall we find certain justices and police asserting that they do not so put it in the bond.



WITH BONNET SHAPED LIKE A CHAMPAGNE CORK: A CURIOUS CAR SEEN IN RECENT VOITURETTE RACES AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Photograph by Brauger.

weight was 1 ton 16 cwt., and the road distance was performed at a petrol consumption of 18.71 miles per gallon. In the speed trial at Weybridge the car achieved 58½ miles per hour, the fastest lap (the last) being covered at 59.05 miles per hour. Speed up the test hill (average gradient 1 in 5) was 14.09 miles per hour; while in the acceleration test the mean acceleration for 181.9 yards equalled 4.26 feet per second per second, using gears, while on top speed alone

The Knight Panhard Performs Perfectly.

The R.A.C. certificate concerning the 1000 miles top-gear run of a four-cylinder 25-h.p. Knight Panhard has now been published, and points with much eloquence to the sterling qualities of this up-to-date automobile. As has already been stated, the total distance of 1034 miles was covered on the road between Edinburgh and Brighton, via London, after which the car was driven 16½ miles on the track at Brooklands, making a total of 1050½ miles. The total running weight was 1 ton 16 cwt., and the road distance was performed at a petrol consumption of 18.71 miles per gallon. In the speed trial at Weybridge the car achieved 58½ miles per hour, the fastest lap (the last) being covered at 59.05 miles per hour. Speed up the test hill (average gradient 1 in 5) was 14.09 miles per hour; while in the acceleration test the mean acceleration for 181.9 yards equalled 4.26 feet per second per second, using gears, while on top speed alone the mean acceleration over 183 yards was 2.49 feet per second per second. The gear ratio on top speed was 3.357 to 1. Both Messrs. W. and G. Ducros, Ltd., and the great French firm of Panhard are to be congratulated on the above most exceptional results.



A GARAGE BUILT ROUND MAPLES: A MOTOR-BUILDING WITH TREES THROUGH ITS ROOF, AT WICHITA, KANSAS.

The garage, as is obvious, has been so built that the maples are untouched, left striking through the roof of the building.—[Photograph supplied by Mrs. Kelso.]

The Standard Race Inter- national.

Notwithstanding the understood objection of the trade to motor competitions, no fewer than eighteen firms have entered twenty-one cars for the Royal Automobile Club's Standard Race, at Brooklands, the result of which will be in the public knowledge before these words see the

light. Argylls, Ltd., are represented by two cars, the Star Engineering Co. by two, the Thames Ironworks by two, S.C.A.R., Ltd., by two; while Arrol-Johnston, Iris Cars, Ltd., Crossley Motors, Ltd., Schneider, Métallurgique, Peugeot, Armstrong-Whitworth, Martini, Gladiator, Briton, and Vinot firms have one each. The event is quite an international one, for England, Scotland, France, Belgium, and Germany are all represented.

[Continued on a later page.]



By CAPTAIN COE.

Ascot.

The weights for the Royal Hunt Cup, one of the most popular handicaps of the year, do not appear until a few days before the race is run, and yet the race does not suffer through it—a fact that suggests that the same policy might be pursued with advantage with regard to the early Spring and late Autumn Handicaps. Immediately I saw the weights for the Hunt Cup I made a mark against the name of Cigar, an Irish three-year-old that showed brilliant form as a two-year-old, and that on its only appearance on a racecourse in England this year gave Royal Tender twelve pounds and ran him to half a length. Royal Tender subsequently ran third in the Derby, so that it may be claimed for Cigar that he is within hail of the best class of his age. In the Royal Hunt Cup he has 7 st. 7 lb., which is equal to Royal Tender at a little less than 7 st. I think that backers would not be long in declaring on at that weight, and I shall not be surprised if Cigar starts as good a favourite as Bachelor's Double last year, and Dark Ronald the year before. The race for the Gold Cup will be no less interesting than it was twelve months ago, and it is on the cards that it will be won by a half-brother of last year's winner, Bayardo. I refer, of course, to Lemberg, who carried off the Coronation Cup at Epsom in a very stylish manner. Dillon, his rider, said afterwards he "could have won anywhere from a furlong to five miles." Yet we are told that Lemberg may not be a true stayer. We were constantly told the same thing about Bayardo, but he stayed well enough to win the Ascot Gold Cup, and only lost the Goodwood Cup by a neck, when conceding a lot of weight to a good three-year-old over a course that is as true a test of stamina as one can find. There are several French horses engaged in the Ascot Gold Cup, about which, of course, no relative line can be obtained, but Lemberg should hold all ours safe. Lord Rosebery's filly, Verve, who went amiss, and could not run in the Woodcote Stakes, may make her début in the New Stakes, in which one finds the name of Doris colt. Verve is also engaged in the Windsor Castle Stakes. Mr. L. Neumann's Cellini may find the distance of the Rous Memorial Stakes more to his liking than that of the Derby. The general impression is that a mile is his best course, and the distance the horses have to cover in the Rous Memorial is a few yards less than a mile.

Jockeys.

The scarcity of good jockeys in England seems to be the foreigner's and Colonial's opportunity. It is remarkable what a cosmopolitan lot of riders are to be seen on our racecourses day after day. They have come from Australia, South Africa, America, and occasionally from France; and in a recent instance an English owner tried to get an Austrian jockey to ride in a prominent race. If jockeys are so valuable and so scarce, why doesn't some enterprising man get up a jockey-school for boys to be taught thoroughly how to ride? There should be little difficulty in securing the necessary land and some cheap horses for the purpose.

The King's Horses.

The King is said to contemplate getting rid of some of the moderate horses he has in training. The royal colours have not met with the success that one and all would have liked, and it seems that such animals as Mad Meg, Carol Singer, Airman, Mirabeau, and Chauve-Souris are poor specimens of the thoroughbred horse. If the other two-year-olds turn out no better, it would be the best policy, from all points of view, to weed them out. Bad horses cost more to keep than good ones, for their living and training items are the same, and they don't contribute anything in the way of stakes. The late Duke of Westminster, it is recorded, never hesitated to sell horses that fell below a certain standard. When one considers what beautiful mares there are at the Sandringham Stud, it is strange indeed what poor results have been obtained. Luck runs in grooves, and perhaps the royal stud has finished its spell of ill-luck. Another boom, such as the late King enjoyed during the Florizel II., Diamond Jubilee, and Persimmon years, would be welcomed by all. Owing to the nominations of the late King's horses being void, King George's entries at Ascot are mostly confined to the two-year olds, and are very scanty. In the New Biennial he has three entered: Thrace (by Thrush—Laodamia), Carol Singer (by Thrush—Komm Carlinchen) and Le Lac (by Florizel II.—Loch Doon). In the New Stakes, his Majesty's horses nominated are Flame Flower (by Florizel II.—Sweet Vernal) and Mirabeau (by Lord Bobs—Mirabelle). Chatterer, nominated for the Gold Cup, is the colt that injured himself some time back. He is not of high enough class for a race of this type. Dorando and Jugger-naut are in the All Aged Stakes, and it may be that this race will be selected for Dorando to make his début. He won a trial a week or two ago, and is reputed to be one of the best horses in the royal stud. Whether he is good enough for a race of this description remains to be seen. In the Windsor Castle Stakes the King has three entered—Gunka (by Missel Thrush—Zarine), Flame Flower, and Mad Meg, of which trio the first two have not run.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Ascot my selections are—To-day: Royal Hunt Cup, Cigar; Visitors' Handicap, Papaver; Fern Hill Stakes, Hornet's Beauty; Coronation Stakes, Knockfeerna; 53rd Biennial, Ilia; Ascot Derby, Phryxus; 59th Triennial, Floran. Thursday: 48th New Biennial, Ulster King; St. James's Palace Stakes, Cellini; Rous Memorial Stakes, Cellini or Sunbright; 49th New Biennial, Prince San; New Stakes, Verve or Bangalore; Gold Cup, Lemberg; All-Aged Stakes, Sunder. Friday: Wokingham Stakes, Elmstead; King's Stand Stakes, Hornet's Beauty; High Weight Stakes, Demosthenes; 58th Triennial, King William; Hardwicke Stakes, Stedfast; Windsor Castle Stakes, Verve or Astra; Alexandra Plate, Royal Realm. Windsor, Saturday: Thames Handicap, Buttery; Clewer Handicap, Noramac; Royal June Handicap, Atropia. Newbury, Monday: Empire Stakes, Ilia. Tuesday: Summer Cup, Dilwyn.



OH, LUCKY MAN! DR. BOLTON, EMIGRATION AGENT FOR TRINIDAD AT CALCUTTA, WHO DREW SUNSTAR IN THE CALCUTTA SWEEP AND WON BETWEEN £60,000 AND £70,000.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE IN THE CALCUTTA SWEEP, MR. A. F. AWBERY, MASTER OF THE WARRINGTON WORKHOUSE, CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH.

The great annual Derby sweep organised by the Calcutta Turf Club was won this year by Dr. Bolton, who drew Sunstar, which was worth between £60,000 and £70,000. The second prize of about £34,000 was won by Mr. Awbery, Master of the Warrington Workhouse. Dr. Bolton sold a half share of his ticket, after drawing Sunstar, for £12,000; Mr. Awbery sold half of his for £1200. The total amount paid out in prizes was over £150,000. Mr. Awbery bought three tickets at 13s. 6d. each.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The British Ego. Just now, when we are all feeling excessively British, it is well to be reminded by the intelligent and desirable alien how we strike our friends abroad. I fancy the Austrian is among the most sympathetic of our foreign critics—always excepting the Italian, who seems to have an hereditary and unreasoning affection for everything English—and in an observant article by Herr Moravitz, in the *Nineteenth Century*, we may perceive how our idiosyncrasies strike the lively Southern Teuton. Our essayist makes an amusing point by declaring that the Briton is the only European who writes the first person singular with a capital letter, while spelling “you” with a small one. The German is so accustomed to write, with greater politeness, “Sie” and “ich,” that our more egotistical custom must strike him as a specially insular singularity. And, often enough, we are ourselves embarrassed with the multitude of “I’s” in any missive we pen. These egotistical-looking letters are apt to crop up like poppies in a wheat-field, and with equally glaring effect. If letters of the alphabet have a colour, “I” is surely scarlet, so insistent is it in its call to the eye and to the imagination. All authors know that one of their chief difficulties is to get rid of so vivid and personal a capital letter. The Frenchman, with his watchword of “liberté, égalité, fraternité,” writes both “you” and “I” with a small letter; and this, perhaps, is the least invidious way of tackling the problem of epistolary intercourse.

The French Girl in England.

No French novelist who respects himself but must write of England and English people nowadays; but he seldom—except in the case of M. Paul Bourget, who knows English society thoroughly—describes our island or its inhabitants without more than a touch of satire, not to say grotesque exaggeration. I am quite aware that it is the casual passer-by who most easily perceives racial peculiarities, and one must concede that M. Abel Hermant, for instance, in his latest volume, is extremely amusing on our habit of making our conversation almost entirely about the weather or on the personalities and habits of the English Royal House. But if the Parisian sees little that specially appeals to him in our social ways, it is quite otherwise with his feminine contemporaries. The Parisian girl's ideal is always to come to London, to spend her *villégiature* in an English country house or on the Scottish moors. She is

be curbed and repressed in France, and made to fit in with the most antique prejudices and obsolete conventions.

Our “Clichés.”

M. Abel Hermant is perfectly correct, moreover, in his description of the conversations among our middle and lower middle class. Possibly he has no glimmering of the raciness of the Smart Set, nor of the philosophic detachment from foolish prejudice which so happily characterises our aristocracy. But in “*Les Vacances de Miss Elsie Chalegreen*,” he describes, happily enough, a small bourgeois household in the Isle of Wight. These worthies, who live, like Max Beerbohm on a celebrated occasion, for the single purpose of beholding the Sovereign of these realms promenading the narrow streets of Cowes in a peaked cap and a reefer coat, confine their conversation, during the celebrated yachting week, to such phrases as “The King is looking well,” “Did you observe how bronzed the King was?” or “How well his Majesty walks!” At other periods of the year they let their racial talent for discussing the vagaries of the weather have full play, and perfectly bald and unadorned statements about the condition of the barometer or the thermometer are accepted as adding to the gaiety of the nation. Indeed, the manner in which the ordinary Briton proffers you, unblushingly, a *cliché* about the weather is one of those racial peculiarities which cannot fail to fill a foreigner with amazement, as it would one of ourselves if we ever stopped to think about it. This passing of some hackneyed phrase about rain and sunshine has become a kind of social ritual with underbred persons, who are ill at ease and at a loss for a topic with strangers.

Society “Advertisements.”

More sophisticated persons use social-talk nowadays solely for the purposes of advertisement. They employ this medium to exploit their own talent or social position, that of their husbands, sons, or daughters, or even the particular coterie to which they belong. It is well known that a theatrical success is made not by the critics, however learned or fluent, but by conversations at the dinner-table. If I were a manager I would try to get all Society to my way of thinking, and trust to full stalls and boxes to fill the gallery and pit. There are believed to be various members of the Unemployed Aristocracy now going around subtly suggesting certain makes of cigarettes, certain brands of champagne, and even certain kinds of coal to their innocent contemporaries. It is singular how people are impressed by anything recommended to them in a London drawing-room or a country house, so that a laudatory phrase, dropping from the lips of Beauty, may have excellent effect upon sales.



A RACE WRAP.

This race wrap is in biscuit-coloured satin with chintz flowers appliqués and outlined with narrow rat-tail braiding. The collar is partly faced with black satin, and the coat fastens with invisible buttons down the front.

quite clever enough to perceive that all the liberty and most of the amusement in France are reserved exclusively for *ces messieurs*, while their wives, sisters, and daughters lead, more or less, the life of a well-bred lady in a Turkish harem. To them the fun, the free comradeship between young men and women over here, is as novel as it is alluring. The French girl in England is a happy and transfigured being, and small wonder that she adores a country in which she is allowed full play to her personality, which must always



[Copyright.]

A YACHTING COSTUME.

The costume is in chalk-white Shantung, with facings of serpent-green and white striped silk. The hat is of white chip underlined with black, and trimmed with a butterfly bow of the silk at the back.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 26.

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

IT must be assumed that Stock Exchange business will be nothing more than a gentle trickle for the rest of this month. There is only one thing about which anybody cares, and even that the police regulations are making a very difficult matter for the ordinary citizen to see. The suspension of the Birkbeck Bank adds another drop to the depression which has been troubling the markets for the past few weeks; but, in a way, this will clear the air to some extent, and relieve the House from the tension of suspense up to which the apprehension of its happening had strained the nervous system of the markets. The investor and speculator alike are resting; and while looking for a revival of business after the Coronation, this, if it came, might prove little more than a spasm in advance of the holiday season.

CONSOLS.

Whereas the anticipation of the Government taking steps for the popularisation of Consols led to a sharp rise in the Funds in April, the actual intimation that a Bill was going to be introduced to this end had no effect whatever in strengthening the price. Probably the buying which caused the rise just mentioned, built up a small bull account which the market found only a drag, in view of the various other matters which conspired to weigh down the price. In the Consol Market itself the Government's intentions are regarded with no particularly friendly eye. Dealers declare that the Bill is not likely to benefit the price of Consols, but that, on the other hand, it may introduce a very considerable amount of confusion in the matter of buying and selling. That is to say, extra work will be entailed, and a fresh item accordingly introduced by the fact of having two classes of stock, the one inscribed and the other transferable by deed. So far as the effect upon the price is concerned, they look for it to be practically nil. What the actual result will be only time can show, of course; but, having put its hand to the plough with a view to raising the price of Consols to a better level, it would seem probable that the Government are not likely to stop at one thing if that does not suffice to carry out their aim. Therefore the holder of Consols may draw satisfaction from the evident desire of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enhance the value of the security by one means or another.

FOUR PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

Among the lists of investment securities which we have published from time to time, we have said little about the claims of solid four per cent. investments which seldom change in price, and which may be looked upon as ranking only second to trustee stocks. The average man, of course, likes to put his money into something where there is a chance of capital appreciation, but there are other people who are content with four per cent. on their money, and who prefer this rate coupled with safety, rather than be bothered with the mild excitement of looking at the quotations of their stocks in the daily papers. For the benefit of these latter, the following non-trustee stocks may be instanced as excellent examples of their class—

Stocks.	Date of Redemption.	Interest Due.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
Bombay Improvement Trust 4 per Cent. Debs.	1969	Jan. July	101 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 19 6
Port of Bombay 4 per Cent. Debs.	1940	Jan. July	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	4 1 0
Bloemfontein 4 per Cent. ..	1954	Jan. July	97 $\frac{3}{4}$	4 1 0
Calgary 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Debs. ..	1931/41	1 Jan., July	103	4 7 6
Johannesburg 4 per Cent. ..	1933/4	April Oct.	100	4 0 6
Montreal 4 per Cent. ..	1950	May Nov.	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 18 6
Saskatchewan 4 per Cent. ..	1951	Jan. July	101 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 0 0
Winnipeg 4 per Cent. ..	1940/60	Mar. Sept.	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 0 0
Vancouver 4 per Cent. ..	1951	Feb. Aug.	100	4 0 0
Winnipeg 4 per Cent. ..	1940	April Oct.	101 $\frac{5}{8}$	3 19 0

From the above it will be seen that a yield of practically 4 per cent. on the money can be obtained with a very little risk, and the dates of redemption are in each case far enough off for them to be almost entirely negligible in consideration of the claims of these stocks to the attention of investors.

THE RHODESIAN OUTLOOK.

Every now and then the Rhodesian Market gives evidence of a strength which seems to require only a little encouragement to fan it into something better, and our information goes to show that a recovery is meditated by some of the wire-pullers before very long. It is contended, reasonably enough, that there would be no sense in taking the market in hand for the rest of June, at all events, because nobody is likely to take any interest in mining shares until the Coronation excitement has simmered down. At the same time, the progress which is being made by a good many of the Companies is quite satisfactory enough to warrant some sort of activity in the leading shares. Several of the best-known undertakings could declare interim dividends that would probably put fresh heart into the market, and unless our informants are very much at fault, something of this kind will be done before the early autumn, with a view to reanimating this department. Everyone agrees that the chances of a Kaffir rise are greatly circumscribed by

the fact that too much is known of the capabilities of the various Companies in the way of profit-making, and that there is not sufficient left for the imagination to kindle over. This argument does not apply to Rhodesians, where the possibilities are sufficiently bright to encourage speculation if the public can be induced to take a hand in the market. On this ground alone there is plenty of scope for revival here; and so long as the speculator confines his attention to the better-class shares, he will very likely find that purchases made in this dead season will turn out profitably enough during the next two or three months.

THE RUBBER SLUMP.

London and Liverpool have their own difficulties to contend with in the matter of raw rubber which are not known to the average holder of Rubber shares, who sees the prices of his holdings declining day by day, and is therefore apt to get highly discouraged at the steady procession of the market in the downward direction. It must be admitted, at once, that the continual dwindling of the commodity is very depressing, and it requires a good deal of courage even to think cheerfully of the position in the light of the market's flatness. We have made careful inquiries just lately at Antwerp with a view to ascertaining, if possible, what the actual outlook for the product is in the opinion of the authorities who do business in that important centre. They remain cautiously bullish. Confessing that there remains a good deal of raw rubber in the hands of weak holders, our correspondents say that the end of the depression may not have come yet, and point out the obvious truism that if rubber goes down the shares will move in the same direction. At the same time, they declare that manufacturers are moving with the utmost circumspection, buying as little as they can possibly do with for immediate requirements.

RAW RUBBER OUTLOOK.

Everybody in the trade is on the watch for liquidation of further weak holdings of the commodity; but the buyers are also anxious to do all they can to save appearing in the open market in that character. We hear of American buyers going direct to the wholesale exporters, of contracts made for good supplies outside the sale-rooms, and items of similar import. It is quite likely that the experts are, in colloquial language, "talking their book"; but, if so, they certainly make out a good case for themselves, and indicate clearly that there is at all events a fair possibility of a sharp upward twist coming within the next few months. This should afford some comfort to the holders of Rubber shares, whose fat dividends do not make up for the steady fall in prices. It requires a good deal of confidence to buy in a weak market, and it is only natural that prospective purchasers should hang back while prices are falling in order to get in still more cheaply later on. That they may be able to do so is possible enough, and we give the views of our Antwerp friends for what they may be worth, simply adding that they emanate from some of the biggest people connected with the rubber trade, who have made a great deal of money out of the business, and whose operations are far more concerned with the commodity than with Rubber shares.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

They went into a quite nice teashop close to the House: the atmosphere fragrant with flowers; the lady in charge dressed in a cool white frock; the ingenious cigar-affle most doubtfully legal, and the china in admirably good taste.

They both stopped talking in order to listen to the conversation of three or four other men sitting on a sofa.

"There are two classes of business so conducted that if you buy the shares of the best companies you are bound to do well."

"One of which classes is not the brewing industry," said another man with emphasis.

"I mean," continued the first speaker, "banking and insurance. There must be something catastrophic happen in either case before your security is affected, and the companies which live through it emerge all the stronger afterwards."

"That's true enough, so long as the business is run on what you might call cast-iron lines," replied a third. "But if once you go outside the bounds of the most rigidly conservative finance, you must always be on the look-out for possible squalls."

"Our banks and insurance companies are splendidly managed as a whole, taking the front rankers of all; and, as I said before, you are bound to do well out of such investments."

"But the liability? How about that on the banking shares?"

"Negligible. Not worth mentioning. Only, mind you, you must stick to the very tip-top companies."

And they fell a-talking, as Stock Exchange men will, of their favourite companies, until one rose to go, and the others followed suit.

Our Stroller's friend started chatting of the railway unrest in the North, and said he feared there were going to be labour troubles before the winter.

"Winter! That's ages off," Our Stroller rallied him. "Why, we have to pass through the stage of having more issues of capital before then."

"There must be capital issues as well," said his companion sagely. "And what about your Home Railway boom then?"

"It isn't my boom," disclaimed our friend. "I lost a pony on Doras, so you can guess that I don't feel too kindly disposed towards it."

[Continued on page 312.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Walks in the Woody West.

It sounds so rural and shady, it is really so ugly and irritating and glaring; but we are having Coronationitis very severely just now, and as it is quite a pleasant form of "itis" we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and we suffer our walks through wooden ways gladly. A wedding ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is more than punctuated by nail-knocking; wherever we go are acres of stands in the making, and the route is now ready for shutting off with huge gates. The nervous look across wide streets, without refuges, crowded with traffic, and they wonder whether they will continue life on one side of the street or really take the plunge. One woman told me she had to take a drive in a taxi so as to get across Piccadilly. The question on meeting is, Where are your seats for the Coronation? The next is, What did you pay for them? As the time for the great ceremony draws nearer the excitement increases. It is a sane, healthy, loyal British and Britain overseas excitement, so, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, "may it live long and prosper."

Headgear for that Great Day.

My sisters, an ye value the good will of humanity in the mass, remember the man or woman behind the hat on Coronation Day. Whether in the crowd, on stands or balconies, or in windows, tall and spreading headgear will be very irritating to those behind. Sun-bonnets would be ideal for those in the crowd, and how nice they would look in London! Panamas with sashes round their crowns, and not too wide brims, I would suggest for stands. High-standing feathers and flowers should be quite eschewed. It is a day for good manners and unselfishness; the procession is the thing that everyone wants to see. It is so much better to be liked than admired; so, my sisters, let us be real nice, and it's twenty chances to one we shall look nice, even if we give our Ascot hats a day or two days' rest.

A Light Mountain of Light.

The Queen's crown, which the Archbishop of Canterbury will place on her Majesty's head on the 22nd, is a wonderfully beautiful one. It is composed of the finest brilliants set in platinum; the design is a conventional border of heraldic roses and oak-leaves, from which rise alternate croix patées and fleurs-de-lis; thence are slender branches of diamond-work, holding above the velvet cap the orb and cross. In the centre of the other cross, over the brow, is the Koh-i-Noor; above and below it are two of the lesser Stars of Africa. The pendeloque stone, weighing 92 carats, is in the cross surmounting the orb. The crown weighs only 19 oz., ermine-and-velvet cap included, and it is a work of which Messrs. Garrard, Jewellers and Goldsmiths to the Crown, 25, Haymarket, may well be proud. The King's crown is the same as that with which Edward VII. was crowned. The smaller of the two great Stars of Africa is inserted in the centre, taking the place of the great sapphire, now moved to the back of the crown. The great Star of Africa is in the sceptre.

Names and Titles. Our social system is a puzzle to those who do not know the ropes. There was a wedding last week of Miss Millicent James, daughter of untitled parents, to Mr. H. R. Mowbray Howard, son of untitled parents, yet it was one of the most brilliant social weddings of the season. Four Queens and two Kings were among the present-givers; almost all the well-known people in Society were represented in the gift-list. The bride and bridegroom are both intimately connected with the high nobility; this, however, is not the reason that their wedding equalled in social lustre that of a Marquess and Marchioness. It is what we so often find in British sociology—a personal matter. The bride's mother is a personality—a clever amateur actress, singer, dancer, a perfect hostess, bright and happy in disposition, a delightful dresser, and a woman of ability, well seconded by a husband who is a favourite with everybody. There are other, if less accentuated, instances of this personal social success: Miss Muriel Wilson, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire are a few who speedily fly into one's thoughts. After all, the house of ladies, as the House of Lords, must owe something to adventitious, as to hereditary, talent.



COURT LIFE—AND COIFFURES—IN OTHER LANDS: A BENI CHIEF WITH HIS THREE "HELMETED" WIVES, SON AND DAUGHTER.

Photograph by L.N.A.

it. Everyone will, however, like to have something to remember it by, and will like also to send a remembrance of this great Empire event to friends. Messrs. J. W. Benson, of 62-64, Ludgate Hill, and 25, Old Bond Street, have designed a charming Coronation brooch, combining the royal cypher G.V.R. with the year. These are not expensive souvenirs. In 15-carat gold, with fine white pearls and translucent enamel, the price, in a velvet-lined case, is two guineas. A specimen brooch will willingly be sent by the firm to intending purchasers for inspection.

The Social Siesta. Few people would miss the Opera as much as those who are full up with evening engagements. It is the most soothing, refreshing, and reinvigorating influence of the London season. This may not always be realised,

but it is a fact. The house keeps always fresh and cool; how, one does not know, but it is so. The music soothes, the story interests, and friends see and talk with friends between the acts without exertion. Small wonder, then, that every night the interior presents a brilliant spectacle. I counted five Duchesses, two Dukes, four Marchionesses, one Marquess, twenty-two Countesses, five Earls, and very many well-known people, without moving from my stall, the other night. The diamonds worn were beautiful, and over it all there was a peaceful atmosphere quite different from the more strenuous doings of later on.

The Charm of Change is the Variety. salt of

life, and women like to change their ornaments. Difficulty in effecting such changes is obviated by the fact that so reliable and well known a firm as Messrs. R. D. and J. B. Fraser, of Prince's Street,

Ipswich, will give good prices for all kinds of old gold or silver, or gems or antiques. These things can be sent to the firm by registered post, and a cash offer will be sent by return. Large sums are frequently paid for antiques. It is a great convenience to know that such a transaction can be safely, privately, and satisfactorily carried through.



COURT LIFE IN OTHER LANDS: A LADY OF THE COURT OF ABYSSINIA.

In view of the present state of Abyssinia, it is interesting to recall the following passage from Captain C. H. Stigand's book, "To Abyssinia Through an Unknown Land." "Queen Taitu, an ambitious woman . . . is a sort of Dowager Empress of China . . . who has her own followers, army, and provinces, apart from those of her husband. On, or perhaps even before, his death, she can be counted upon to play for her own hand entirely, and a small boy will be no obstacle to her in attaining her ends." Our photograph shows one of the ladies of the Abyssinian Court.—[Photograph by Holts.]

Continued from page 340.]

"I think that after the Coronation we shall see prices go lower instead of higher."

They paid the bill, bought some cigarettes, and departed.

In Throgmorton Street they ran into Our Stroller's broker, who, having little to do and seeing a possible new client, hauled them off to tea, regardless of their protests and manifest disinclination.

Before long he had them seated in a basement room, where the light was religiously dim and amber-coloured, diffused through huge paper shades on the electric standard lamps. It would have been a mistake to describe the atmosphere as clear or chilly.

The broker set out to amuse his clients by relating the details of what he called his day's labour.

"You see," he wound up, "the whole thing could be boiled down into half-an-hour of serious work. And that's the sort of thing which hundreds and hundreds of us have to put up with from Monday morning to Friday night."

The suggestion of the Saturday holiday was not lost upon either of his hearers, who smiled.

"Up in the North we are wondering why you people down here don't get a move on Trunks," said Our Stroller's friend.

"It rather surprises me, too," admitted The Broker. "The principal bar to a rise that I can think of is that I happen to be a bull of Thirds myself."

"And I hold the Ordinary as well," was the reply. "One of these days surely there must be a big rise in Trunks?"

"I am not too sanguine about the bigness of the rise," answered The Broker. "But certainly they ought to go better, so far as I can make out."

"So should the land companies' shares, then," added Our Stroller.

"There's no interest taken in anything now except the Coronation," declared The Broker, whereupon Our Stroller laughed, said they hadn't heard the word for at least an hour, and, gathering up all three tickets, ran hastily up the stairs.

In Old Broad Street they stopped to look at the preparations which the Stock Exchange is making for the illuminations.

"That's a poor performance of Lipton's," a man close by observed. "Six per cent. is not what you'd call a good dividend after all the talk there was some time back of the Company's making big profits out of rubber."

"Still, you must remember," said another, "that the directors did not encourage any high hopes from that, and I think it stands to their credit that they were quite frank on that point —"

Our Stroller got pushed along, but one remark from a bystander caught his attentive ear.

"See that chemist's over the way? Well, on one hot day last week they sold thirteen hundred and eighty glasses of pyretic saline. One day, my boy! Won —"

The broker left them in the little sort of waiting-room, from which tantalising glimpses can be caught of a particularly uninteresting part of the House.

A mining dealer, apparently not a Stock Exchange member, was discussing the Barrier group with some friends.

"The returns are so good that I don't see how some of the companies can help increasing their dividends," he was saying, with a touch of perplexity. "And yet the market doesn't respond."

"British Broken Hills have had a good rise just lately," another reminded him.

"Yes, but that was because of a special reason; and the rest of the market doesn't move."

"None of the Mining Markets move," and the speaker sighed.

"Ah, well, I've followed these things very closely for more years than any of you fellows would care to remember," replied the first man, "and although I've been wrong as well as right, I think that now we are not far from the time for a stiffish rise in other Broken Hill things."

"There is too much of the investment character about them to suit the ordinary mining punter," put in Our Stroller.

The remark passed without challenge, and, the broker coming out just then, our two friends walked with him towards his office.

"We are buying De Beers," he volunteered, "for speculative investment. The idea is that the Company, before long, will have paid off most of its Debentures and that the interest will therefore become available for increasing the dividends on the Deferred."

"There's a good deal of sense in that," answered a man who had not been addressed, but who was walking just behind them.

The broker turned round angrily, but laughed on seeing who it was, and straightway introduced the new client to his partner.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. W. M.—The Nitrate Market has been hardening appreciably within the past week or two, and in view of the better prospects for the industry, we should advise you to hold the shares. Letters are only answered by post in accordance with our Rule 5.

PROFIT.—It is an absolute trap set to catch the unwary.

PUZZLED.—Your letter was answered here several weeks ago, when we invited you to send the broker's contract, without which it is not possible to form an opinion.

J. W.—Your letter was answered on June 6.

M. J. H.—We replied by post on June 8.

TRAM.—We hold a very poor opinion of the Company, and think you would do well to sell the shares as you suggest, if they go up a little.

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1 quart ... 30/-



No. S. 3.

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Pint. Quart.
Leatherette, 10/6 18/-
Leather ... 15/- 24/-
All Nickel, 16/6 27/-



No. S. 4.
Silver Gilt
Coronation Spoon
Charm.

9-carat Gold ... 4/-
Silver Gilt ... 1/6

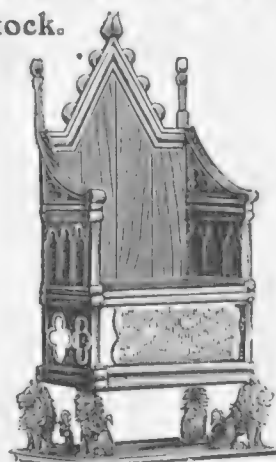


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Exact Model of
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Silver Gilt ... 5/-
Plain Silver ... 1/-



No. S. 6. Exact Model of
Coronation Chair.

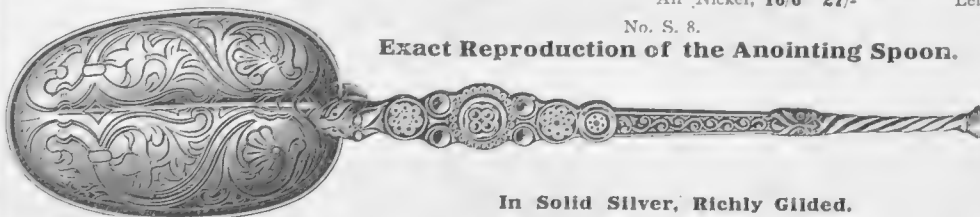
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Silver Gilt ... 5/3



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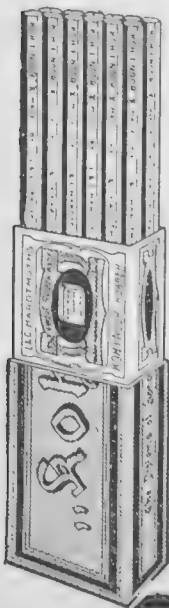


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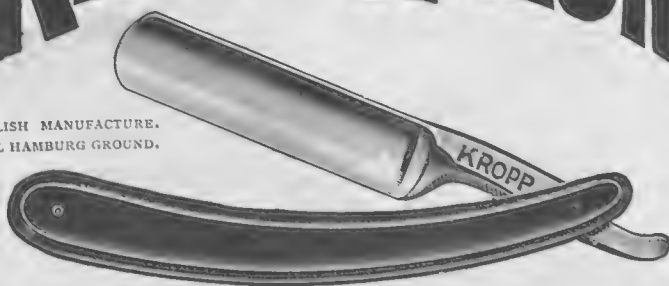


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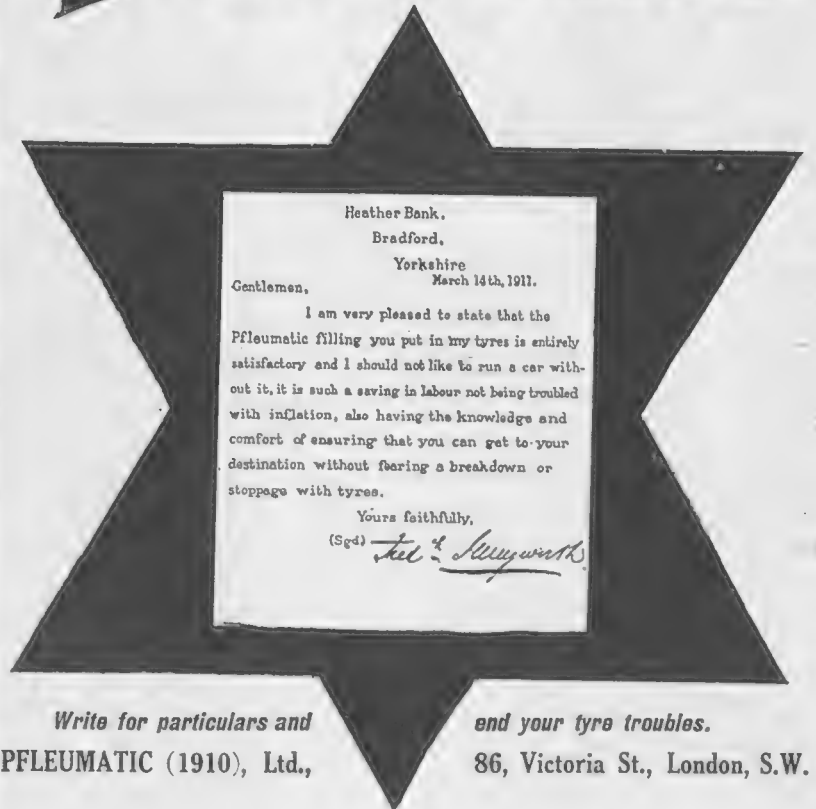
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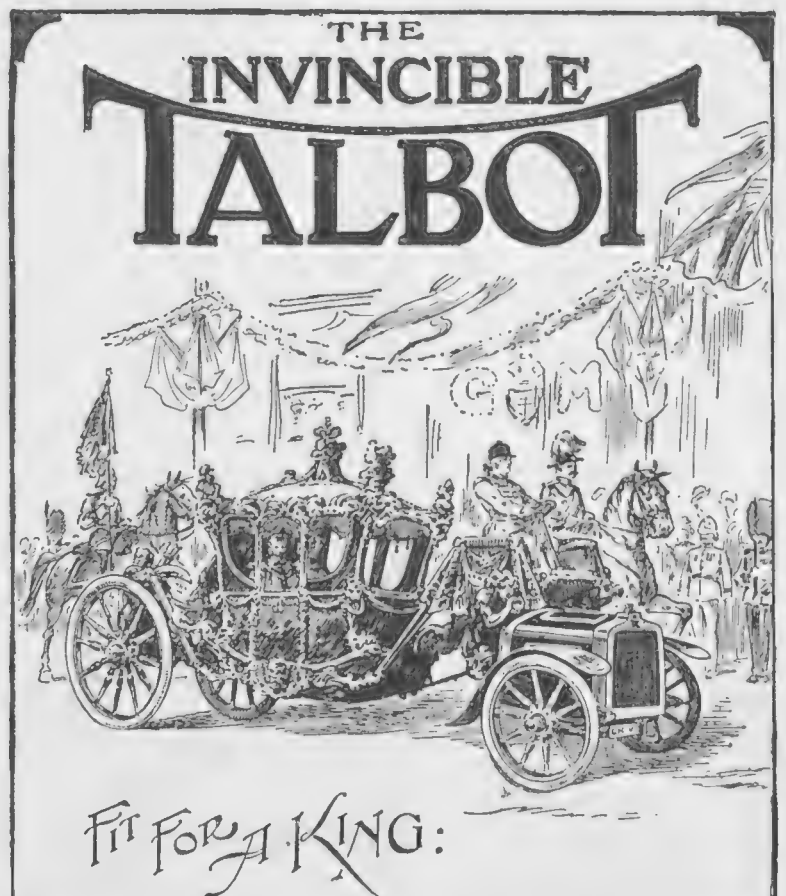
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Man with the "Field-Glasses"; the Maharajah of Patiala as Cricketer; Mlle. Gaby Deslys in "Les Débuts de Chichine"; the new Lady Godiva; "Agamemnon," at Bradfield College; What to Do with your Loose Gold and Silver; Mr. Harold H. Hilton; "The Gods of the Mountain," at the Haymarket; the Duchess of Portland; Don't Worry! Bubbly Waters; "Le Shake Hands" and Substitutes; "Decoys for the Affections"; June.

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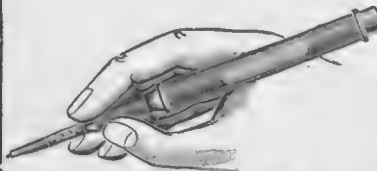
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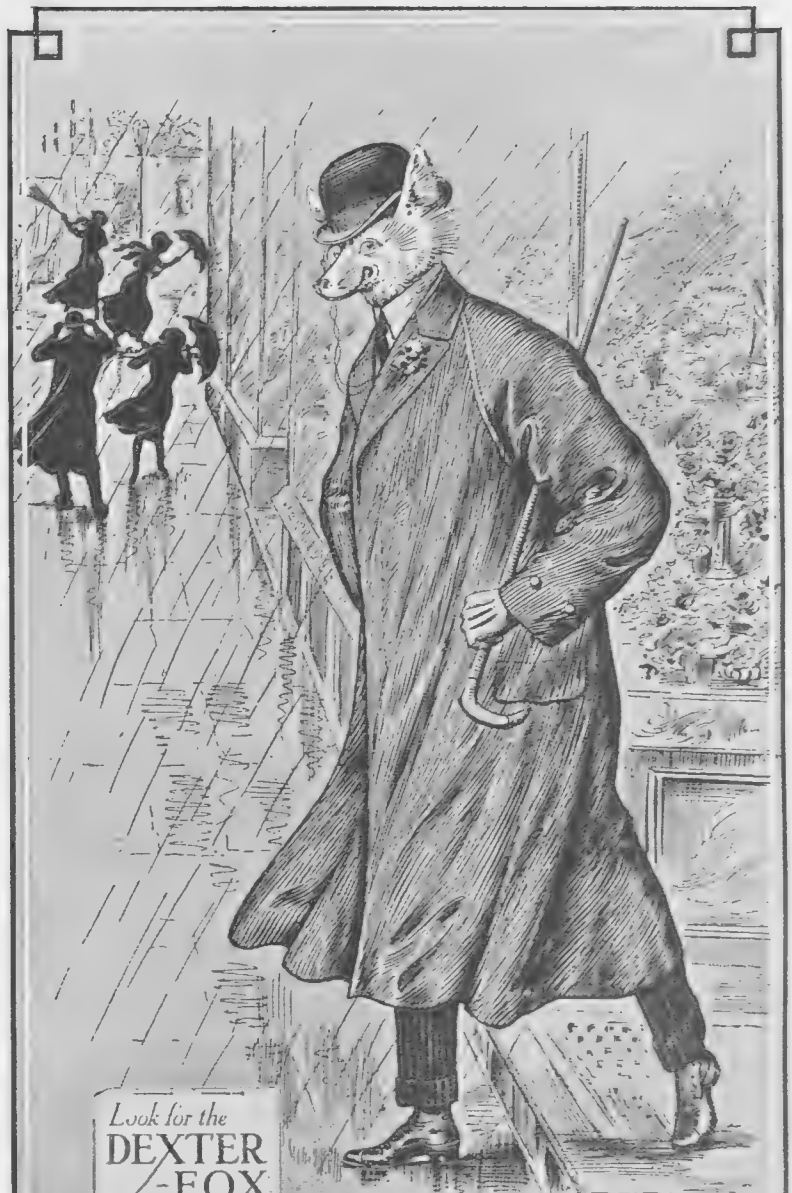
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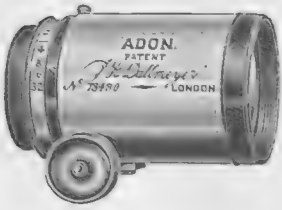
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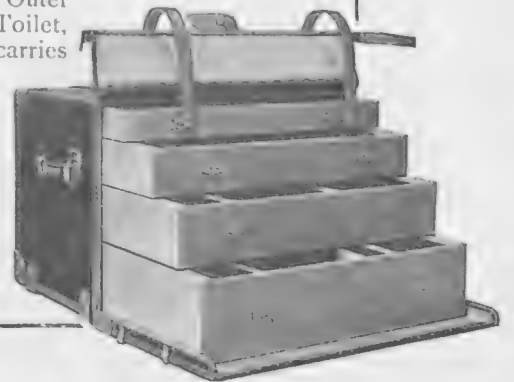
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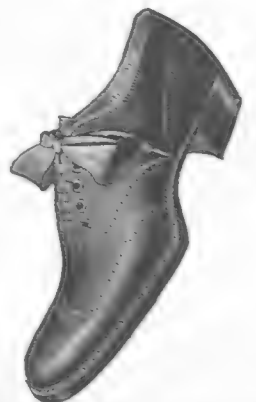
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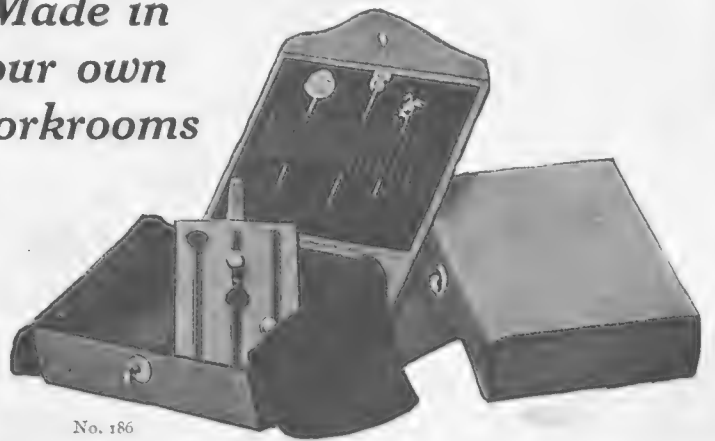
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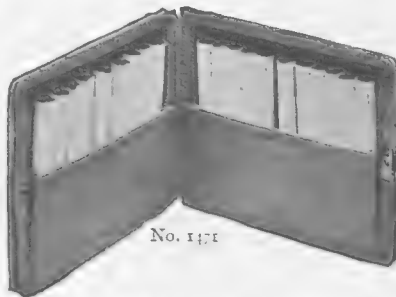


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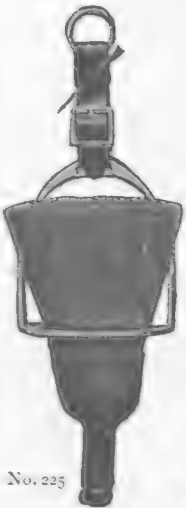
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dressed to perfection
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AFTER I HAD TRIED PILLS, MASSAGE, WOODEN
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WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST RESULTS.

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD WHICH ANY LADY CAN USE AT HOME
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BY MARGARETTE MERLAIN.

Well do I know the horrors and
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chested; of having the face of a
woman set on the form of a man,
and I cannot find words to tell you
how good I felt and what a terrible
load was lifted off my mind when
I first saw my bust
had really grown
six inches in size.
I felt like a new
being, for with no
bust I realised I
was really neither
a man nor a woman,
but just a sort of
creature half way
between.

With what pity
must every man
look at every wo-
man who presents
to him a flat chest—
a chest like his own.
Can such a woman
inspire in a man
those feelings and
emotions which can
only be inspired by
a real and true
woman, a woman
with a beautiful,
well-rounded bust?
Most certainly not.

The very men who shunned me
and even the very women who passed
me carelessly by when I was so
horribly flat-chested and had no bust,
became my most ardent admirers,
shortly after I obtained such a won-
derful enlargement of my bust. I
therefore determined that all women
who were flat-chested should profit

by my accidental discovery and have
a bust like my own. I had been im-
posed on by charlatans and frauds,
who sold me all sorts of pills and
appliances for enlarging my bust,
but which did me no good whatever.
I therefore determined my unfortu-

nate sisters should
no longer be robbed
by those "fakirs"
and frauds, and I
wish to warn all wo-
men against them.

The discovery of
the simple process
with which I en-
larged my bust six
inches in thirty days
was due solely to a
lucky accident
which I believe was
brought about by
Divine Providence,
and as Providence
was so good to give
me the means to
obtain a beautiful
bust, I feel I should
give my secret to
all my sisters who
need it. Merely
enclose one penny
stamp for reply, and
I will send you par-



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*Note.—All ladies who wish to obtain a large and beautiful bust should write Madame Merlain
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and she in no way profits by the transaction, but generously offers her help absolutely free to
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cautioned to stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.*

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changes of
the weather.



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and keeps
it smooth
and white.

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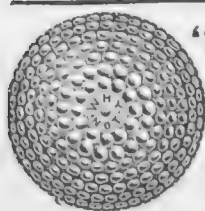
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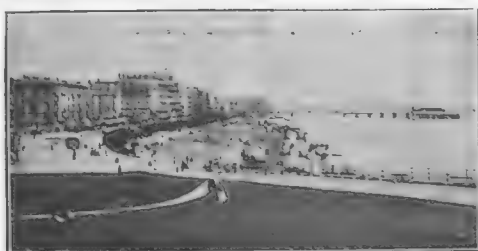
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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE question of the pleasures of country life was raised the other evening at my table, and there was some discussion about the relative happiness of those who see the least of town. Somebody said that the Squire was the most fortunate, another urged that the agricultural labourer under a good master lived the healthiest life. Yet another voted for the farmer who rents or owns good land and is fond of sport; but I put forward the claims of the country parson, who, I venture to think, is better off than all the others, provided always that he has good health, a pleasant house, sufficient glebe, a reasonably paid post, and a philosopher's content.

He has many friends and much leisure; whatever his taste in sport, he can indulge it; wherever he goes he has a welcome. If he be an amateur of the garden, he will find himself happy in the possession of one that is well matured; should he be a keen hunting man there will always be a mount for him when he can spare a day; if he be an expert with the gun or the rod there will upon occasion be a place in the line of guns, and a stretch of stream by which he may wander rod in hand and unrebuked. If he be a lover of books there are the long hours of leisure at his command; should he care to write he can devote all the necessary time to putting a fine edge and a keen polish upon his discourses, and by so doing have an excellent chance of finding a place in print for them. He learns to know mankind almost as intimately and far more pleasantly than his fellow-worker, the doctor; if he is associated with seasons of sadness he is no less indispensable at times of merrymaking; there is hardly an occasion at which he is out of place. Above all things he has what other men merely hope for—fixity of tenure. While he lives his home and garden and work are most surely his; the fluctuation of employment, the shifting price of crops, and all the countless chances that for good or evil make sport of men's lives leave his almost untouched. He knows to a nicety the limit of his own resources, what he may attempt, and what he may hope to achieve, both in the matter of work and expenditure. In the majority of cases he has the comforting knowledge of good work done, and an honest pride born of the consciousness that men and women look to him for advice and guidance. Few others can say as much. Fortune's wheel is constantly turning. As I go through the countryside, I am always impressed by the beauty of the parson's house, a beauty generally due to the age and well-kept condition of the garden, and to the fine old trees that were planted so generously by those who might not hope to see them attain maturity.

I have noted a curious fact in the past few weeks, one that might go to the support of certain theories advanced by hunting men in country where game is carefully looked after in the interest of men who do not hunt. For once, that big landowner my immediate neighbour is not preserving pheasants; the shooting is to be limited to the woods at the far end of the estate. With the cessation of the gamekeeper's normal activity the number of foxes in the immediate neighbourhood is found to have doubled or trebled. Far be it from me to suggest that gamekeepers are bad for foxes, that the two cannot dwell side by side in perfect amity, or that the sin of vulpicide stains the countryside; I prefer to record a fact rather than to comment upon it. Perhaps the fine April and May have been good for domestic development; but whatever the cause, the effect is unmistakable. The first intimation of the immediate neighbourhood of a hungry vixen came to me two or three weeks ago, when a stray fowl from my own pens was carried off in my hearing—almost in my sight—as I took an after-dinner stroll at about nine o'clock. Thereupon it seemed necessary to take steps promptly. So I distributed the dogs, putting their kennels at the points a night-marauding fox would be likely to approach. The result has been curious. Between 11 p.m. and daylight I hear the dogs barking furiously at intervals; one starts and the others join in. I can even hear, on a very still night, the rattle of their chains. It is a little disturbing, this noise, but I have lost no more chickens; even the ducks and geese answer to the muster-roll with ranks unbroken. The enemy at the gates remains without. Other people in this neighbourhood take less care and have worse luck: there is one who has lost thirty birds in a fortnight, and, though a keen hunting man, he speaks with more emphasis than courtesy about foxes just now, because there is a curious belief round here that the demand for poultry in the last weeks of June will greatly exceed the supply, and that London will be compelled to send its agents to scour the country and pay unusual prices.

I found a fox-earth in the course of my morning ramble last week. Outside it there was the debris of many a feast to which I could see that several hen pheasants, together with partridges, wild duck, rabbit, hare, and chicken had contributed. The value of the birds and beasts whose feathers or fur were to be seen at or near the mouth of the earth could not have been less than three pounds, and if we take it that each bird was of a prize strain, the value may safely be doubled. Every hunt committee knows that the birds taken by foxes are prize strains. It is the commonplace incident of all claims for compensation.

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"I have heard Columbia Disc Records, and have admired the clearness of their tone and their *perfect* reproduction of the voice."

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Demonstration Records of these new Columbia Records can be heard at any dealers or stores. In any case of difficulty the manufacturers can arrange for readers of "The Sketch" to hear them at home. Write, mentioning dealer's name, and immediate attention will be given.

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**CAMBRIDGE
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Absolutely Pure.
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A 4½d. Bottle makes Two Gallons.
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*'Twas merry in the glowing morn, amid the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass—
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.*

Ay, that's it. A cool, sweet smoke that makes a
man feel pleased with himself and all the world.
The delicate, fragrant flavour of a

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will appeal to you. All con-
noisseurs like the quality and
appreciate the saving it secures
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HERE'S ANOTHER GOOD
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Certificate of Analysis.

*I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have carefully
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in "Flor de Dindigul" cigars, and in a superior
brand of "Havannah" cigar. I found that the
"Flor de Dindigul" contained 11 per cent. less of
this Alkaloid (nicotine) than was contained in the
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*The "Flor de Dindigul" cigars had been made
from well-conditioned leaves, and were free from
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any kind.*

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Just pure water and "Erasmic"—
The Dainty Soap For Dainty Folk.

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You are particularly invited to
visit the Erasmic Kiosk at the
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Erasmic Soap

Photo. Foulsham & Sangfield.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Aerial Gordon-Bennett. I am informed that the arrangements for the Aerial Gordon-Bennett Race, to be held at the Eastchurch Aerodrome, Isle of Sheppey, on July 1, under the auspices of the Aero Club, are practically complete. The race is being held in this country this year for the reason that that sterling flier, Mr. Grahame-White, won it for England at Belmont Park, New York, last year. At the present moment speculation is rife as to who will represent this country in the air; but as the rules do not insist upon the naming of the competitors until twenty-four hours before the start, no country has as yet made the final nominations. Mr. Grahame-White, as the holder, is, I believe, entitled to fly in any case.

Better Late than Never—but Very Late. I note that in congratulating the Commissioner of Police upon his resolve at last to exercise his power to deal with the obstruction to traffic caused by slow-moving carts and vans appropriating the centre of the road, the *Daily Mail* suggests that that official has taken his time to make up his mind, as it is almost six years since the Traffic Commission recommended that steps should be taken to remedy this flagrant and long-standing abuse. But the authorities have had this glaring custom of misuse strongly represented and urged upon them not six, but twenty-six years ago! The cyclist and the cycle Press were the first to draw attention to it, and motorists and the automobile journals followed suit at least twelve years ago. Again and again attention has been drawn to the enormous waste of money caused by the loss of time and by the huge street widenings—unnecessary in many cases had the strict rule of the road been enforced long ago. If the Commissioner can act now, why did not he, or his predecessors, act years ago?

Ill-Digested Aerial Legislation. The legislative throttling process which was applied to automobilism is apparently to be administered in stiffer doses to aviation. As just passed, the Aerial Navigation Act, 1911, is about as mischievous a measure as could well be devised to apply to a callow industry. When the Motor Acts of 1896 and 1900 were introduced, it was thought that the fines, ranging to £20 and £50, were outrageous and altogether disproportionate when contrasted with those applicable to offences by other forms of traffic. But the Aerial Navigation Act out-Herods Herod in this respect, for fines of £500 or terms of imprisonment up to two years are to be capable of infliction under this rushed-through measure. When Mr.

Churchill spoke of the regret that would be felt over anything which would "hamper the development of this vast new science," he must have spoken with his tongue in his cheek. As it is probable that this Act will be administered by the same tribunals and in the same manner as the Motor Acts have been for the past ten years, the outlook for aviators is not encouraging.

French Common-Sense. It is a trite thing to say they do these things better in France; but, after all, this does really apply to many things, and example might be taken of them on this side the Channel. According to the correspondent of a motor journal, speed-limits, trapping, and the unsportsmanlike practice of issuing a process unbeknown to the victim are to be abolished in France. And this is not because there is any great outcry with regard to such practices, for traps of the police description are almost unknown there, while the speed-limit, though it obtains at eighteen miles per hour, has never been seriously regarded. No; it is the sound, saving common-sense of our French neighbours, who cannot brook the absurdity of statutes that are disregarded and of non-effect. Even the unwarned summonses seldom resulted in fines of more than five or ten francs—very different from the savage penalties that obtain here for the most trivial and harmless offences. So long as a motorist drives reasonably and considerately in France, he is safe from legal persecution. France will become a more favoured motoring-ground than ever.

A Glorified Groom, Indeed! The members of the Head Chauffeurs Club in meeting assembled and by resolution have expressed their indignation at his Honour Judge Sir Thomas Snagge's reference to chauffeurs as "glorified grooms." I, and I think all motorists will be with me in this, sympathise with the professional driver at this derogatory sneer so unnecessarily cast at a large and for a large part highly skilled class of employés. Whether a slur was intended or not, it remains, and is very reasonably resented by the bulk of the men at whom it was aimed. It is true that a large number of grooms have become drivers, for the simple reason that in changing their methods of locomotion owners have endeavoured, wherever possible, to find employment for old servants, but this has only been accomplished by teaching them an entirely new and much higher class of craft. In such cases the servant has ceased to be a groom, and only become a chauffeur when he had learned his trade. The head chauffeurs are anxious to know if the learned Judge would describe the driver of the Irish mail as a "glorified railway porter."

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It is necessary that the coat or hat you wear for motoring should be specially designed and made of materials suitable to the occasion. It is here in perfection.



"THE GRACE."

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Blue tagel, soft straw bonnet, trimmed velvet and ribbon in darker tone,

42/-

THE "HAREM" VEIL
(Provisionally protected.)

By a simple contrivance this very practical veil can be made to closely cover any size hat. An ideal veil for an open car or windy day. Dustproof silk.

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In Alpaca, 52/6

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as on all other Grand Trunk highways, one of the most noticeable features is the great preponderance of cars fitted with grooved

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HYDRAULIC
SHOCK
ABSORBERS.

ANECDOTES OF ASCOT.

ASCOT celebrates this week its bi-centenary. It was in 1711 that the course was laid out on the Heath, by order of Queen Anne, and it was in August of the same year that the first race meeting was held, sporting Brandy Nan herself attending in regal state the inauguration. Ever since the meeting has been regularly patronised by royalty. It took nigh upon a century, however, to get the royal procession established, and this feature, which gives the meeting a distinction beyond all others, was the creation of George IV., who, whatever his many discreditable qualities, certainly had the right eye for the picturesque and the popular. The feature dates back to 1820, thirteen years after the first race for the Gold Cup.

Nowadays, admittance to the charmed circle at Ascot is more hardly won than reception at Court. The regulations are this year more stringent than ever. It was different "in good King George's glorious days," the Third George being the Sovereign indicated. Here is a pen-picture of the period, and is not the atmosphere Georgian? "The royal family first drove about in their coaches, the Princess Royal in a very low phaeton and six Shetland ponies. The Princess of Wales got out of her coach and went into a sort of summer-house built for the family. We saw her kneel down and kiss the Queen. After that, everybody had a near view of her Highness as the Queen and about sixteen of them came down and walk'd about with the King, Prince, etc., for about two hours within the railing. The company whose carriages were not near enough got out and leant on the railing, and immense was the crowd; but the royal family walked round and round in a group, that everyone might see their new Princess." She was solemnly paraded for inspection for two hours. Then she was taken to dinner in a tent, and led out again to show her paces once more to as many new-comers as chose to draw near, and after that another drive round in the coaches, and so home, leaving the company vastly satisfied.

Ascot was beloved of King Edward. It was upon that course that he made his last public appearance prior to his illness in his Coronation year. The writer was at Windsor Castle on the day of the royal procession to and from the course, and, amid the whirl and excitement occasioned by the presence of visiting potentates, learned with some slight misgiving that one or two of his physicians were in consultation with the King. It must have been on that day that there were first manifested the symptoms which were destined within a few days to stand between the uncrowned King and his throne. It must have been on that day that the heroic sufferer

vowed that, ill or well, he would face the ordeal of his Coronation rather than disappoint the nation. But we all know the rest of the story.

Ascot marked the first real break in Queen Victoria's life from the solitude and repression of her girlhood. Senile jealousy on the part of William IV. demanded that she should be kept in the background lest his stupid dignity should be compromised. But at her first Ascot how the little Princess did enjoy herself! A blazing hot American Republican, N. P. Willis, saw her there, listening in unaffected rapture to a strolling singer. The stern and stony heart of the Yankee warmed towards the lonely royal girl, and he vowed her "quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting." Ascot, in a later year, brought the crowned Queen some heartburnings. Two years after her Accession, the political resuscitation of Lord Melbourne brought her into momentary disfavour, and Ascot actually hissed her! To make matters worse, the Queen was induced to suspect that the then Duchess of Montrose and Lady Sarah Ingestre were among the offenders. The two ladies shortly had reason to understand that the Queen believed the story. When the Duchess sailed indignantly down to Buckingham Palace to confront her Sovereign, she was kept waiting for two hours, and then informed that she could not be admitted to audience, only Peers and Peeresses in their own right being in the position to demand that privilege. But the Duchess was not so easily put off; what she was not permitted personally to tell the Queen she compelled one of the noblemen at Court to say for her.

You must not take a camera into the enclosure. Lord Ribblesdale, when responsible in the matter, once received the alarming news that a person, sworn to be some violent Radical, was loose in the sacred area working his wicked will with a Kodak. Lord Ribblesdale despatched his myrmidons, assisted by a number of volunteers, in quest of the culprit. After a stern chase they nabbed him in the very act, and haled him summarily before their chief. And lo! the snapshottist was not a Radical, nor any other sort of British politician. The hapless wight upon whom the sleuth-hounds had determinedly fastened was a distinguished visitor to our shores, a relative of an ex-crowned head, and accredited by the Embassy of one of the Great Powers. An incident of international moment was avoided by the genius of "the Ancestor," and the offending camera was bundled into the boot of an adjacent coach. Still, particular and exclusive as they may be, the authorities could not keep their Gold Cup inviolate. That disappeared from under their very noses while racing was in progress four years ago, and, carried off by swell mobsmen in a motor-car, remains a classic example of audacious, highly organised crime.

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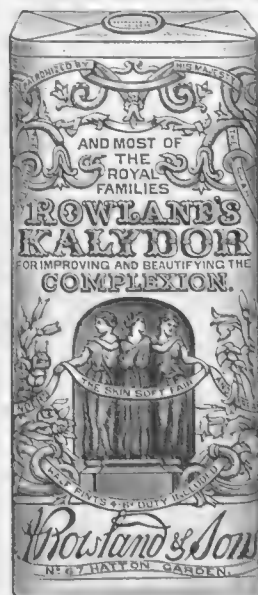


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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Marrying Money."

By LOUIS J. VANCE.
(Grant Richards.)

It would be more fair to Nathaniel Duncan, who is Mr. Vance's pleasant hero, to describe his adventure as Courting Money, for he withdrew his forces in the hour of victory to seek alliance with a maiden suffering from a father with inventive genius and a talent for failure. Nat Duncan is what Mr. Bennett has taught us to describe as a "card." Brought up in affluence, and badly left when college days were over, he could do nothing to his employers' satisfaction. Then a chum who had seen him through much tribulation gave him the inspiration of marrying money. He was to go to a small, a very small, town and play a part. There are twenty times as many old maids in small country towns as there are in cities. The demand for eligible males is three hundred per cent. in excess of the supply. A decent chap from a city thrown into such a place long enough for the girls to get acquainted with him, "simply can't lose, can't fail to cop out the best-looking girl with the biggest bank-roll in town." You must work, and you must go to church: those are the cardinal rules—until you have landed your heiress. After that you can move back to civilisation. Thus inspired, Duncan established himself with the best intentions in Radville. The humours of Radville, a tiny town in Pennsylvania, are delightfully sketched. How Nat presently found that "the church thing was getting to him," that, as for work, he ate it up, and, discovering his successful scheme was nothing but a vile trick, and disowned it, is told with much other entertaining matter in the course of the story.

"An Exchange of Souls."

By BARRY PAIN.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

Men are very much what and where they were. The ancients chose touching or horrific aspects of the material universe, accentuated them with the poet's imagination, and placed their dead in sweet, dim-coloured fields which they called Elysian, or left them to wander among the black mud, unsightly reeds, and unlovely, sluggish lakes of Erebus. Poets nowadays are very tired, and of all the chances under Death's wings, nothing seems so good to them as sleep; but Science, like any healthy young thing, is assertively awake, and makes for the laboratory, there to experiment in those old, well-kept secrets of the origin of Life and the purpose of Death. She opens her eyes widely behind excellent glasses, carrying on thus that tradition of curiosity which Poetry was wont to pursue with eyes shut and an open mouth for what the gods might send. Mr. Barry Pain's romance walks in this region of scientific curiosity.

His hero proposes to produce an absolute demonstration of the determination of the Ego. "Well," he says, "in what does your 'self' consist? You would probably tell me that it consists in the association of your mind and your body. Now does it? When the mind has practically vanished, and no longer suffices even for a man's simplest needs, his life is still carefully preserved in an asylum. This would not be the case if it were not believed that the man's self was still there. When the man's body is dead and has decomposed, it is held by all religious people that the man's self still persists—that his personality is continued in another world; and perhaps science has rather more to say for this view than most men of science are aware. All of which is abominably dull talk after luncheon, isn't it?" None of which, before lunch or after, will be called dull for a single page, seeing that it is Mr. Barry Pain who pulls the strings. What would really be proved, supposing that Dr. Myas and his fiancée actually exchanged souls or selves while under an anæsthetic, as is suggested, remains wropped in unscientific mystery. But the pain and uncanniness of what happened after that night, when the soul of Daniel Myas became cognisable only through the mind and body of Alice Lade, are very evident; and the relation of the affair by a quiet dilettante is the kind of craft one would expect from a craftsman like the author.

"A Woman of Small Account."

By MARY E. MARTENS.
(Scott Publishing Company, Ltd.)

A Boer farm in Natal, and Hester de Villiers, half Dutch, half English, who lived there, are the chief elements of Mrs. Martens' story. Hester is a creation so typical of these latter days that most of us will feel, not that we might have known, but that we do know her. Generous and affectionate to a degree, her marriage, which seemed an ideal one, leaves her childless and unoccupied. The native question and native missions force their problems on her notice in an idle and somewhat lonely interval during the absence of her husband. Hence a long-dormant faculty for writing with a purpose is revived on their behalf. The enterprise costs her her husband, though, fortunately, being a heroine, she has fame, ensuing wealth, and a matured beauty by way of compensation. It is significant that when Hester wished to stamp her personality on the mere male mind, she selected her prettiest blouses, and took great pains with her hair. Had she not forsaken this highly successful appeal for one more questionable, much unhappiness would have been spared herself and others. But then there would have been no fame and no story. And we might have missed a very welcome picture of Boer life, drawn with the convincing fidelity of the Russian school.



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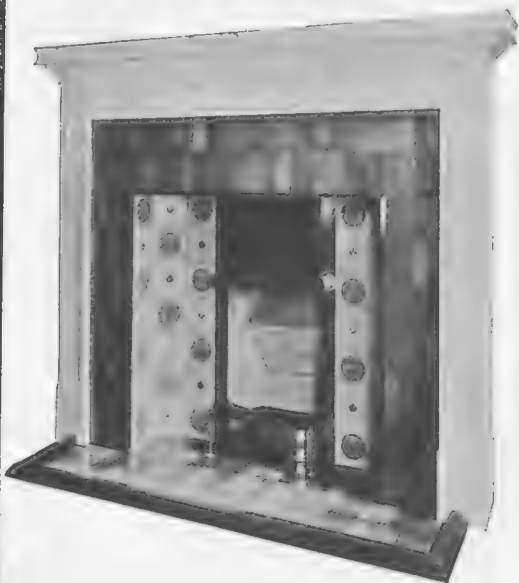
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Incidents from a
Lady's life (Picture 7)

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MORE than three centuries have passed since Selden wrote of the Most Noble Order of the Garter that "it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous Orders in the world."

There was one charming touch of the old chivalric element at the investiture of the Prince of Wales, the significance of which deserves notice. Among the honoured Royal Knights present was the ex-King of Portugal. When the Garter was bestowed upon him, he was the rising hope of a friendly nation. To-day he is of no more account in the world than ex-President Diaz. But he is a Gartered Knight, pledged by the vow of his Order valiantly to fight and successfully conquer. If Portugal should read into this formula any dynastic application, his presence at Saturday's installation must cause her Republican counsellors some uneasiness.

Once a Knight of the Garter, always a Knight of the Garter, seems to be the rule. In the brave old days when the Order was fashioned, the minds of knights errant never conceived it possible, apparently, that circumstances could alter cases. That idea certainly possessed the mind of Richard Plantagenet, second Duke of Buckingham, who, rather more than half a century ago, insisted, in defiance of the known displeasure of the Queen and Prince Consort, on being present at the installation of Napoleon III. He had succeeded, in the course of a dozen years, in squandering vast possessions and a princely income. He had saddled himself with debts amounting to a million sterling, and at the time of the ceremony in question had got the bailiffs in at Stowe.

The ceremony is a charming, fragrant relic of the days in which the Order was cradled, and in the revival of the procession from the Investiture Chamber to St. George's Chapel recalled a feature which had long fallen into desuetude.

The King was seated in the Throne Room of Windsor Castle, wearing his robes as sovereign head of the Order, the chamber draped with the garter-blue velvet of the Order. Queen Mary—who, with Queen Alexandra, is a Lady of the Garter—was seated at his left hand, also in the habit of the Order. Next the King on the right was a vacant chair. Beyond that were seated the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the ex-King of Portugal, the only Royal Knights now in this country. The others are the Sovereigns, severally, of Austria, Denmark, Germany, Greece, Japan, Norway, Spain, Sweden, and Württemberg.

The other Knights assembled in the Waterloo Chamber, each wearing his robes and insignia, and the stately hat, embellished with plumes held in place by a rich clasp of diamonds. The

ribbon of the Order, a broad band of royal blue silk, was worn, be it noted, not as artists sometimes represent, but over the left shoulder and under the right, the reverse of the ribbon of every other order.

Thus arrayed the Knights were marshalled, in order of seniority, into the royal presence. When all had seated themselves round the table, the Prelate of the Order—the Bishop of Winchester—placed himself at the right of the King, while the Bishop of Oxford, who is Chancellor of the Order, stationed himself at the left of the Queen. Black Rod, followed by Garter King-of-Arms, carried in the Sword of State and laid it upon the table.

The Chapter having been thus formed, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur, as the senior Royal Knights, proceeded to the apartment of the Prince of Wales, and conducted him to the vacant chair on the right of the King, preceded by the Secretary, carrying the badge and collar of the Order, by Black Rod, bearing the ribbon and lesser George, and by Garter King-of-Arms carrying the Garter. Received by the Knights upstanding, the Prince was welcomed by the King to his place.

And so the actual ceremonial begins. The Garter King-of-Arms, kneeling, presents the Garter to the King, who, assisted by the Royal Knights, buckles it upon the left leg of the Prince, whilst the Prelate solemnly pronounces the admonition—

"To the honour of God omnipotent, and in memorial of the Blessed Martyr, St. George, tye about thy leg for thy renowne this Noble Garter; wear it as the Symbol of the Most Illustrious Order, never to be forgotten or laid aside, that thereby thou mayest be courageous, and, having undertaken a just war in which thou shalt be engaged, thou mayest stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer."

Black Rod presents the Ribbon and Lesser George to the King, who adjusts them upon the shoulder of the new Knight, while the Chancellor pronounces a further admonition. The Secretary next presents the Collar, which is placed in position by the King, while a third admonition is repeated by the Registrar. The Prince then kneels at his father's feet to receive the accolade, and is bidden rise "a faithful, just, and true Knight."

His brother Knights shower congratulations upon the Prince; the procession is formed, and the whole company passes to divine service, and then to feast and merrymaking. It is all marvellously pretty and mediæval and effective, and the charm of the whole is enhanced by the fact that the hero of the ceremony is a cherubic-faced boy, to whom it is all tremendously real; a boy in whose young heart there burns, we may honestly believe, all the noble impulse and chivalrous fervour which inspired the pioneers of the great Order of which he is now an honoured member.



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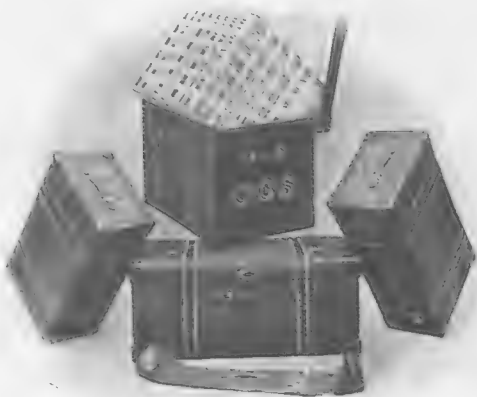
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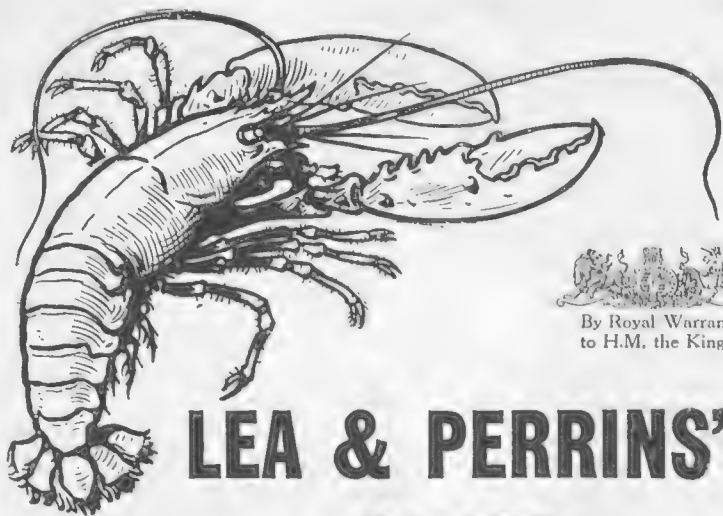


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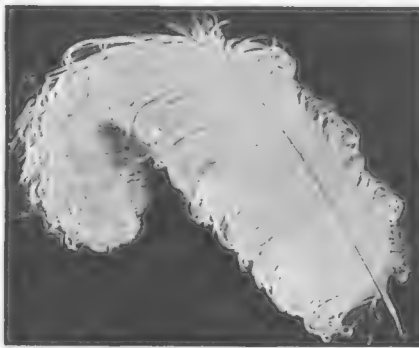
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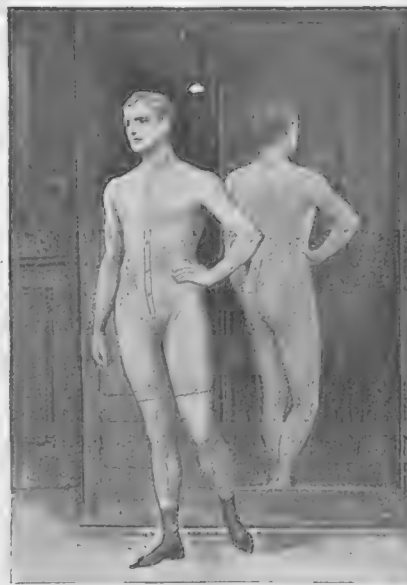
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Then spoke I to my Girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of Pearl."*

—Herrick.

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THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

WERE one to try to put into words the spirit which animates the Gala at His Majesty's, no more appropriate ones could be found than those in Macbeth's famous speech to King Duncan—

Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

The Gala is the dramatic profession's public offering of loyalty to their Majesties on the occasion of their Coronation. Curious as it must seem, it is nevertheless a fact that there has never been a dramatic gala of this kind before. All the galas hitherto given have been at the Opera. This festival must not be confounded with an ordinary Command performance. At the Gala, the programme has been made up by the committee selected for the purpose.

Plays rarely make the same numerical demands on the women as they do on the men members of the company. It was therefore a particularly happy idea that Ben Jonson's famous Masque, "The Vision of Delight," with its opportunities for utilising the services of so many ladies, was included.

The programme, as *Sketch* readers are already aware, contains no example of the work of any living dramatist. The only modern writer who contributes to it is Mr. Owen Seaman, who has written the prologue, which is to be spoken by Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson. This is to be followed by the Letter Scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the second act of "David Garrick," the Forum Scene from "Julius Cæsar," "The Critic," and "The Vision of Delight," and the performance will conclude with the singing of the National Anthem by Mme. Clara Butt, surrounded by all the actors and actresses who have appeared during the evening, as well as by many of those who have been prevented from appearing by their duties at their own theatres.

The "Merry Wives" scene will be played by Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Charles Calvert, with Mr. Rutland Barrington as Falstaff.

In "David Garrick," Sir Charles Wyndham, who will produce it, will have the co-operation of Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Miss Mary Moore, among others.

The Forum Scene, which will be produced by Mr. Granville Barker, will have Sir Herbert Tree as Marc Antony and Mr. E. S. Willard as Brutus, with several leading actors as the citizens and over three hundred representative members of the dramatic profession in the mob. Under the circumstances, it is easy to understand Sir Herbert Tree's optimistic view, expressed to a

representative of *The Sketch*, that "it will be the most interesting mob ever seen on the British stage."

The cast of "The Critic," which will be produced by a triumvirate consisting of Mr. Bouchier, Mr. Maude, and Mr. Hawtrey, will include these gentlemen, as well as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and Mr. Laurence Irving; Lady Tree (who will play Tilburina), Miss Emery, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Lily Elsie, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, in addition to scores of other ladies and gentlemen.

"The Vision of Delight," which has been largely cast by the ladies themselves, will be produced by Sir Herbert Tree. In it will be seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn D'Alooy, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Mabel Hackney, and Miss Constance Collier, and many other beautiful actresses.

The original idea of the Gala was suggested to the King by the late Prince Francis of Teck. It was his Majesty himself who proposed that the profits should be given to charities connected with the dramatic profession.

When the final decision in favour of the Gala was arrived at the question of the theatre in which it should be given practically settled itself. So representative a performance could take place only at His Majesty's, which, under Sir Herbert Tree's management, has stood for years as the acknowledged representative theatre of London and, therefore, of the English-speaking world. He determined to make the occasion as impersonal a one as possible, and formed a committee, consisting of the leading dramatic managers, with Sir Charles Wyndham as the chairman.

For this performance the regular royal box will be conspicuous by its absence. The whole of the dress-circle will be reserved for the royal party, the two front rows being brought up to one level for their Majesties, so that they will sit in the open, as it were, in full view of the audience, instead of being hemmed in and half-hidden by curtains, as is generally the case.

The foyer will be reserved as a crush-room and refreshment-room for the royal party, who will be received by Sir Herbert Tree and Sir John Hare. Sir John will remain in attendance during the performance to represent the Executive Committee, which, in addition to Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Herbert Tree, also includes Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier, the organising secretary, who has worked most zealously in carrying out the general arrangements belonging to his office, and to whom, indeed, is probably due the happy inspiration of this Gala Performance.



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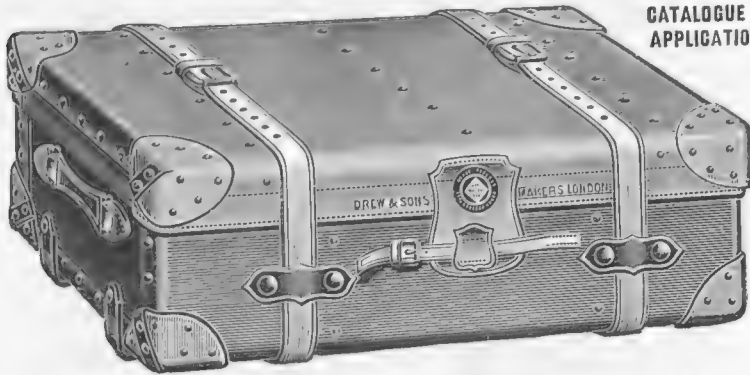
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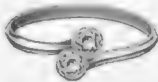
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Grass Bleached Linen Towels, Hemstitched, 12/6 dozen.

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No. 27.—Ladies' all-linen, hemstitched, American size (about 13 in. square), with 4-in. hem, 5/3 per dozen.
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"Castle" Collars, linen faced, single shapes 4/11; double shapes 5/11 per dozen.
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The excellence of Hartmann's Sanitary Towels has led to their adoption in many of the leading hospitals. Obtainable of all Ladies' Outfitters, Stores, and Chemists, in packets of one dozen at 6d., 1/-, 1/4, and 2/-. Sample half-dozen, assorted sizes, 6d., post free.

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Hartmann's Protective Apron, for use with Hartmann's Sanitary Towels (a great convenience and comfort), price 2/- each; or direct, post free, 2/1.

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Carriage Paid
on orders of
£1 and upwards.

LONDON.

WORLD'S WHISPERS.

Both a Dutchman and an Englishman.

General Botha takes in very good part the strictures put upon his speech and his speeches. The true-blue loyalists are saying on every hand that he should address Englishmen in English, that the spirit of the Imperial Conference is outraged by his Dutch. The General means no ill; he can talk with a friend in English, but is doubtful if he can steer a plain course through its difficulties when called upon to address a public meeting. He is almost fluent when face to face with Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts, but almost dumb when facing the banquet board. He is not, like his friend Sir Wilfrid Laurier, *doctus sermonibus utriusque lingue*. But the fact remains that the Englishman is intolerant of foreign tongues—even the French of the Canadian Premier. He does not speak them himself and does not like others to speak them. On these grounds he should give an extra welcome to the Indian cricketers; for neither Australia, nor Surrey, nor even Marylebone can beat them at the King's English. And General Botha himself, noting these things, means to get his English into public form before he visits us again.

The Divine Amateur.

Lord Shaftesbury's and Lady Maud Warrender's are regular "turns" upon the concert platform. Each is a singular attraction, but both were booked to sing last week for the blind at the Horticultural Hall. Less industrious, or perhaps a little shyer, is the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who once, however, her sole self bore the brunt of an entire concert for charity's sake. Next Monday the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lyttelton does all the accompanying for two singers at the Æolian Hall; she is one of the many amateur pianists who are making music in London this year. Of these the Marchioness of Tullibardine is the most delightful; and fortunate are hostess and company when their persuasions and her own inclination draw her to the music-stool. She plays as if she had given all her days to it; but that is not the case, for she does several other things with the same perfect accomplishment. She has a voice, and uses it; she composed pipe-music for her husband's troops in South Africa; and having stirred them to great deeds, wrote a history of them.

A First Season.

One of the first public appearances of Countess Cadogan was at the Chelsea Town Hall the other day, where she presented medals to the London Veteran Section of the National Reserve. Youngest of veterans, Lord Cadogan himself received a token at his wife's hands. Another

soldier is about to have from her, if not a medal, at least a smile, for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to dine at Chelsea House. It is not many months since Lord Cadogan went to Florence and returned with a bride—his second cousin, Countess Adèle Palagi. Her first London season happens to be a particularly brilliant one, perhaps the most brilliant, weather concurring, that the oldest inhabitant remembers; and Lady Cadogan's own addition to the hostesses of London helps the fun. She enjoys the novelty of housekeeping in a foreign land, since housekeeping does not mean keeping in the house when there are so many attractions out of doors.

What's in a Name? Among the many welcome Americans now in London is Mrs. Catt, a leading New York Suffragette. "How like an American; an advertisement of the militant methods, I suppose!" was the comment, at a party the other night, of the hostile male. Mrs. Catt admits that her name is an unfortunate handle for her opponents; but she can prove that it is English, at any rate, and she would be as unwilling to change it as the member of the Sussex family who, having been left a fortune on condition that he called himself Willett, made an application to the Court of Chancery, and confirmed his right to remain a Catt and retain the legacy. There are records of poachers called Catt in the fourteenth century, and of a famous smuggler in the eighteenth; so that they have been at least as greatly enterprising in the past as a lady of their family is to-day.

The "Gallant, Gay Domestic."

Save when a vastly salaried chef grows talkative, the public knows little of the domestic workings of Buckingham Palace. It is taken for granted that Queen Mary experiences few or none of the distresses that beset the heads of most populous households. The "servant question" does not exist for her Majesty or for the King. But in rougher reigns the Court was the centre of servile ruffianism, and certain regulations for the use of Henry the Eighth's kitchen staff may well add to the current good-humour of Buckingham Palace: "The baker shall not put alum in the bread, and, if detected, shall be put in the stocks. His Highness's attendants must not steal locks or keys, tables, forms, or other furniture when he goes out to visit gentlemen's houses. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go naked or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen-fire. The King's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, for fear of danger to the King's royal person. There shall be no romping with the maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken. The grooms shall not steal the

(Continued on Page 1.)

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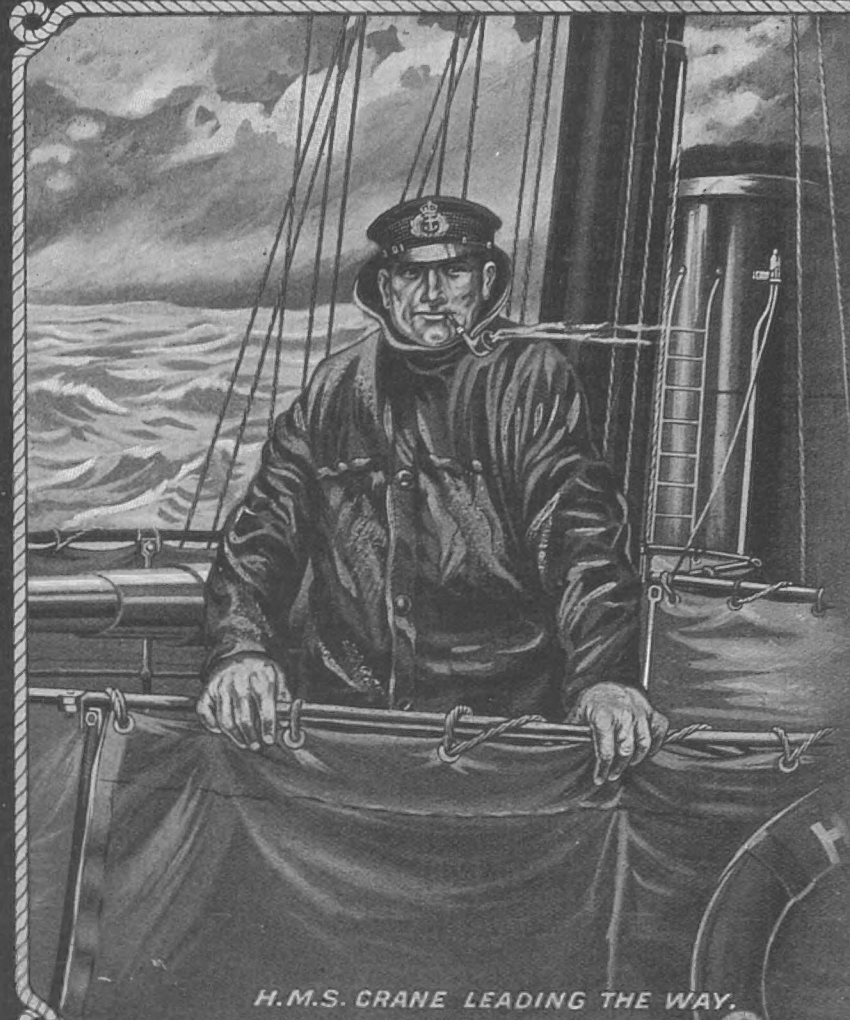
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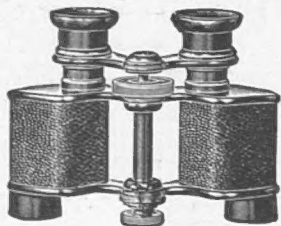
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6½d. each.

Continued from page 13

King's straw for their beds, sufficient being allowed them." We keep a good many ancient formularies at Coronation time; but this at least will not reappear on the outer walls of St. James's Palace.

"Returned Empties."

In such a season as this, even the empty house has its uses. The fortunate landlord is he who has premises, but no tenant, on the processional route; and even in other parts of the town the vacant mansions are not seldom the best filled and the most profitable. The late Lord Battersea's house opposite the Marble Arch was gay the other night with lights and red roses; a clever hostess banished all the sense of dreariness that usually clings to unoccupied rooms, and her dance went with a swing. Indeed, the place became for the evening her home. Many a great house is being let in this way for £100 a night, and the caterers and florists do the rest with astonishing celerity. A young man who passes next day the portals of a house that the evening before filled him with sentiment is apt next morning to shiver before the blank, dull windows, and the great board that reads, "To Let: This Desirable Mansion, etc." Is it thus, he wonders, that England's fairest daughters vanish, fairy-like, from the world of daylight? The gilded chairs are being deported by the vanmen, and the house, in a few hours, will be returned to its emptiness.

At Surrey House. Notable among such dances was this of Mrs. Nelke's at Surrey House, ten yards from the ancient site of Tyburn. Several ladies brought parties, the largest being Lady Huntingdon's. She had previously given a dinner at Claridge's, and her guests included the Prince and Princess

Liechtenstein, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Lanesborough, Lord and Lady Drogheda, and some thirty more. Mrs. Nelke had collected, besides, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Cora Countess of Strafford, Lady Joan Byng, and Lord and Lady Curzon. Those, of course, who knew the house in the days of its former occupation allowed themselves a regret even amidst the festivities; and not the whirl of living dances could wholly banish longings for a sight of that wonderful Sargent picture of Spanish dancers which once adorned those very walls, and was the great delight of its vanished owner

Our readers will be interested to hear that it is now possible to obtain an album of the photographs taken during the whole of the Duke of Connaught's recent tour through South Africa. The photographs are direct prints from negatives taken by Mr. Ernest Brooks, who accompanied the Duke, and the volume, which is a very handsome one, 17 in. by 12 in., bound in red morocco, contains about two hundred photographs depicting the most interesting events from the start to the return. It is published by Mr. H. J. Ashwell, of 19, Ludgate Hill, at the price of £5 5s. net.

For the first time in the annals of travel, the South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that it has been possible to arrange a through service from London to Switzerland, avoiding all-night travelling. This new day service will run from London to Bâle, via Dover, Calais, and Laon, from June 15 to Sept. 30 inclusive. It will leave Charing Cross daily at 9.0 a.m., and reach Bâle the same night at 11.40 p.m. (Greenwich time). The train from Calais to Bâle will be composed of first and second-class lavatory corridor carriages of the latest type, and a restaurant car.

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